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MY QUEEN

MARION MARLOWE IN SALT LAKE CITY

OR A BAD DEAL IN MORMON LAND

BY GRACE SHIRLEY

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Here Is Health

53 Leading St., Cleveland, O.,
Oct. 7, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that your Remedies have completely cured me. I was troubled with weak lungs and chest, and also had catarrh. I *know* the Slocum System is the best in the world, and I will recommend your medicine to all who may be in need of Remedies of their character.

Yours truly,
HARRY L. LYON.

McComb, Pike Co., Miss.,
Oct. 2, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I write to let you know that your Remedies have entirely cured my little girl of scrofula and I feel very thankful to you for all your kindness.

Yours respectfully,
MALISIA ADISON.

Wesson, Copiah Co., Miss.,
Oct. 4, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your kind letter I wish to say that since taking your Remedies I am sound as a dollar. I believe had it not been for your medicine I would now be in my grave. I feel very thankful to you for the cure that was performed in my case, and beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
CHAS. VAN NORDEN.

Woodland, St. Joseph Co.,
Oct. 9, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—My little boy had catarrh in the head very badly. When he was five years old I saw your medicine advertised and tried it and he now is entirely cured. I can highly recommend your medicine to anyone.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ASA TABER.

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Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I received your letter, also the Remedies that you sent at my request and hope you will pardon my long delay in writing to you to recommend your good medicine. The pain in my breast has vanished and I am feeling a great deal stronger than before. I shall recommend your Remedies to all in my town who are suffering from consumption or any disorder of the throat, chest and lungs. Thanking you very kindly for what you have done for me, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
M. I. BOOKER.

Oran, Onon laga Co., N. Y.,
Sept. 5, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—The cough which has troubled me so long is now entirely gone, and I owe my restoration to your wonderful Remedies. I am getting stronger every day, for which I feel very thankful to you, and shall recommend your Remedies to others. By

Yours respectfully,
[illegible] DARLING.

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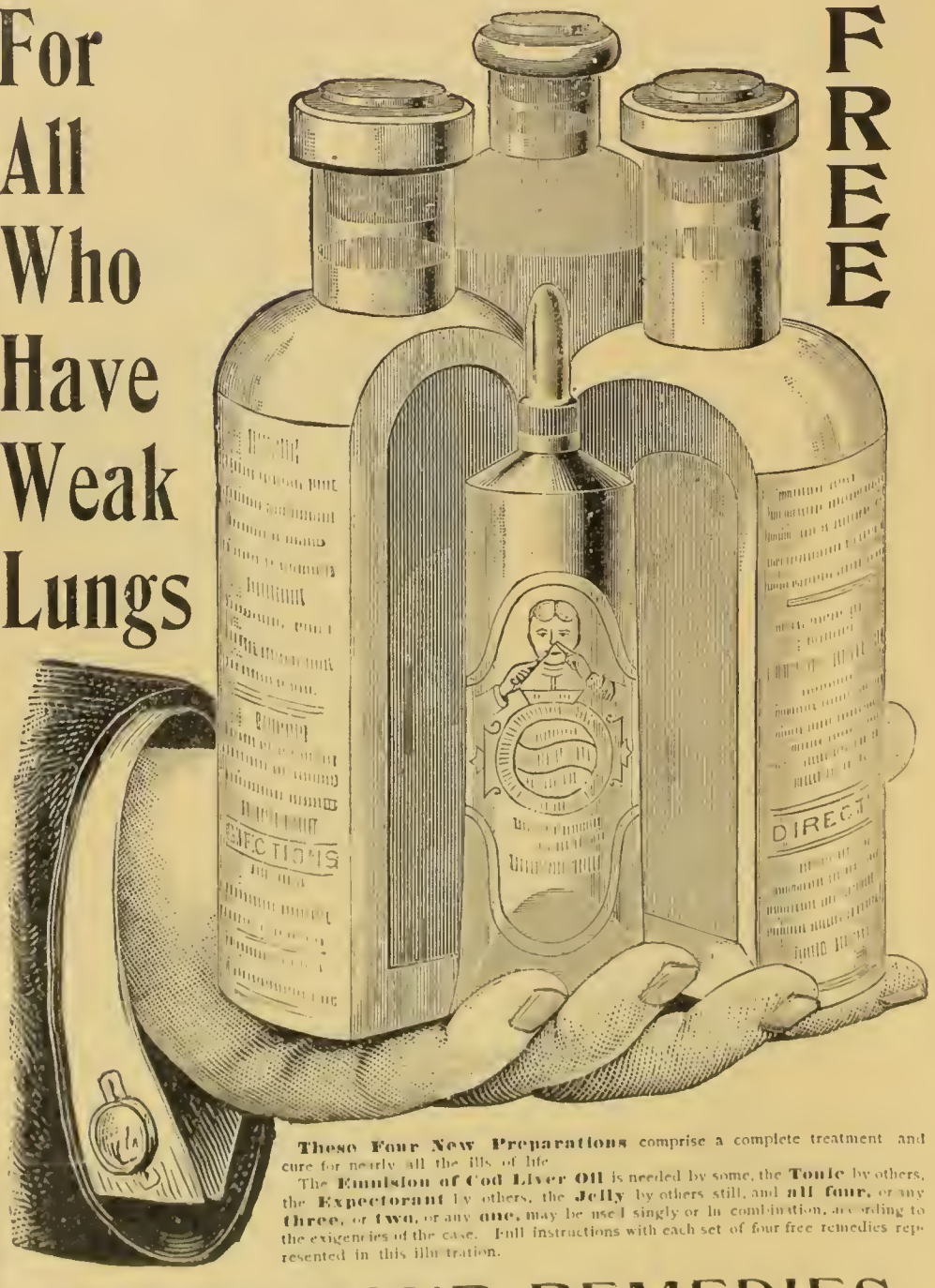

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MARION MARLOWE IN SALT LAKE CITY;

OR,

A BAD DEAL IN MORMON LAND.

By GRACE SHIRLEY.

CHAPTER I.

A STREET SCENE.

"Gee whiz! Injuns! Look out, Doc! They're after me! Come around this corner! Quick, old man! That big, black fellow will tomahawk the two of us in a minute!"

Bert Jackson gave a war whoop that would have done credit to a whole band of Indians, and then caught his companion by the arm and tried to drag him around the corner as suggested.

Bert and Dr. Brookes were walking through one of the principal streets of Salt Lake City, Utah, when they had suddenly come upon a couple of intelligent-looking red men, who had just arrived in town from one of the reservations.

"Great Scott, Bert! You nearly frightened the life out of them! Just see the way they are getting over the ground!" cried the doctor, as the two inoffensive redskins turned and bolted in another direction.

"Well, who would have thought that they would scare so easy? Why, I fully expected a war dance the minute they saw me! It's too bad I yelled. I'd like to have seen them a little closer!"

"They don't care to see you, that is very evident," was the laughing answer; "so come on, Bert, and let's take a walk down to the river."

They sauntered on until they came in sight of the stream, then both stood for a minute gazing about them with interest.

"Roll, Jordan, roll! Roll, Jordan, roll! I want to go to Heaven when I die, to see old Jordan roll!"

Dr. Brookes drawled the familiar negro air in a magnificent tenor, but, before he could finish, Bert broke in upon his melody.

"Come off, Doc! This ain't the old orig-

inal Jordan! It's only a fake! A base imitation! Get out your geography, my boy, and take your bearings! As if Heaven was anywhere in the vicinity of Salt Lake City!"

Dr. Brookes laughed good-naturedly as they retraced their steps, then he pointed to the dome of the Mormon tabernacle that loomed up some distance ahead of them.

"I guess you are right, Bert, but there are no end of 'saints' here, nevertheless. I don't know about the angels——"

"Oh, we brought them with us!" broke in Bert, quickly. "We have five big ones and a little one in the Temple Theatrical Company, not to mention Jackets and myself, who are a couple of cherubs."

"Jackets is no cherub," began the doctor, and, just then, a yell fell upon their ears, and Jackets, the mascot of the company, came tearing down the street after them.

"Hi there! Hold on, youse!" he piped, waving his hat in the air. "Did youse git on ter ther Injuns wot wuz right behind you?"

"Yes, we saw them," answered Bert, as he waited for the boy to come up. "Where did they vamoose to, anyhow? They disappeared like two comets."

"Dey're in de saloon on der corner. I seen 'em tro' de screen," said Jackets, staring back over his shoulder. "Now, wot's de good of Injuns, I'd like ter know, if dey're jest like oder folks! W'y, dey're in dat saloon er drinkin' jes' like a couple 'er lushes wen dey'd orter be out here doin' the scalp act dis minute!"

"I guess they are tame Indians," said Dr. Brookes, laughing, "and a civilized redskin is very much like any other man, only he may possibly be a little more fond of 'fire water.'"

"Hello! What's coming now!" exclaimed Bert, as the two walked on. There was a clatter of horses' hoofs, and then three men in uniform came galloping toward them.

"It's a sergeant and a couple of soldiers from Camp Douglas," said the doctor, after a quick glance. "Now, who the mischief do you think they are after."

"Jackets, of course!" was Bert's prompt answer, as he made a sudden dive in the small boy's direction.

"Not on yer life!" squealed Jackets, as he darted to one side and then gave a shrill cry that made the mounted officer pull his horse up sharply.

"Be youse after de Injuns?" he called out, boldly. "Kaze, ef you be, youse has got ter hustle! I jest seen 'em doin' de skedaddle ax over t'wards de pavillyun!"

Bert held his breath at that bit of information, but the sergeant touched his cap politely to his apparently honest informant.

"I am after two runaway Indians," he said, briefly, "and I am very glad indeed to get your information."

He was just about to put spurs to his horse when Dr. Brookes recovered from his astonishment.

"Hold on a minute, sergeant," he called, laughingly, "I guess it was the wrong Indians that Jackets saw, but, perhaps, I can help you out by a word of advice: Take a look over the screen door of that corner saloon as you pass it."

Jackets turned away with a disgusted look.

"Dat's wot I calls er low down trick, ter squeal on de Injuns!" he muttered, resentfully. "Wot's de matter wid lettin' 'em git dere jag? Jes' tink of de fun we could er had wid 'em."

The sergeant smiled grimly as he thanked the doctor; the next moment he dashed down to the corner, where he ordered his men to dismount and go in search of the runaways.

"Come on, Doc! There may be some fun yet!" called Bert, as he started toward the saloon.

A closed carriage containing two ladies came around the corner as he spoke, and, by the time he could get there, it had stopped almost abreast of the sergeant.

"It's Marion!" yelled Bert, as he caught sight of the occupants; then he stood perfectly still and stared in amazement, for the two soldiers were emerging from the saloon fairly dragging the Indians after them.

It was a disgusting sight, for the soldiers were inclined to be brutal, and the Indians were fighting mad from the effects of the "fire water" they had imbibed. What would have happened next no one could guess, for the moment the occupants of the carriage understood what was going on, the door flew open and a sweet voice cried out, sharply:

"Don't! Oh, don't hurt them!"

The next instant a beautiful young girl sprang out upon the curbstone and stood looking at the uniformed officer with a beseeching expression upon her lovely features.

The sergeant stared at her and then saluted stiffly.

"Those Indians are runaways, Miss, and they are treacherous fellows. I cannot allow any one to interfere with me when I am doing my duty!"

"But there is no need to strike them!" retorted the young girl, hotly, as she saw the heavy scabbard of one of the soldiers' swords fall upon the head of an Indian culprit.

"Oh, it is a shame to hit them! You are both of you cowards! Why do you not handcuff them, if they are dangerous, and not abuse them so brutally?"

Her eyes flashed like diamonds, and her voice rang out like a bugle.

The sergeant's dark face grew red at her words, and the two soldiers looked at him to hear his orders. Bert and the doctor had crossed the street and were standing by Marion now, and the two Indians stopped struggling and were watching her curiously.

"I supposed that Indians were being governed by kindness, not brutality, in these enlightened days," she went on, bravely, "and I am ashamed of the United States Government if it allows such treatment! Why is it any worse for a red man to drink liquor than a white man?"

A small crowd was gathering in the street now; but the young girl was unabashed. She was determined that there should be no more blows struck if she could prevent them.

The sergeant bit his mustache savagely, but he knew that he was wrong. If the account of his cruelty should reach the garrison it would mean a court-martial for him beyond doubt. He had been foolish to allow the soldiers to punish the Indians here; he should have waited until they reached a place where they would have no witnesses.

With another grim salute to the fair girl he turned and gave an order to his soldiers.

Instantly their swords were dropped and a pair of handcuffs substituted.

Marion Marlowe stood upon the curb watching them as they moved away, the two Indians giving her a grateful look as they went quietly with their captors.

"Well done, Marion," said Dr. Brookes, as he helped her into the carriage. "You have made two friends to-day, even if they are only Indians, and you have taught that brutal officer a lesson, unless I am much mistaken."

"He's an ugly duck. I saw it right in his eyes," said Bert, coming close to the carriage. "Well, I am glad his time is not his own or he might take it into his head to get square with Marion."

"I shall certainly report him," said Marion, decidedly. "He is too ugly to hold such a position as that. I shall make my complaint this very day, and, of course, you will all have to sign your names to the paper."

"Certainly, we will," said the doctor, promptly.

"Oh, Bert!" exclaimed Alma Allyn, who was sitting in the carriage, "the colonel at the garrison has invited Mr. Temple to bring us to the military ball! We are to go to Camp Douglas after the performance of one of our shorter plays Friday evening!"

There was a trace of anxiety in her voice as she made the announcement, and, just for a minute, the four friends stared at each other.

"Well, I hope the Indians will be there, if that sergeant is," said Marion, trying to speak jokingly. "I feel sure that they would stand by me in case of an emergency, but don't let's cross any bridges until we come to them. I shall report that fellow and take what comes, and, anyway, I don't see how a United States soldier can harm me! There must be discipline at the Camp Douglas garrison, and I doubt if the fellow will be able to identify me!"

"Rats!' remarked Bert, with a glance at her beautiful face. "A person who once sees Marion Marlowe isn't apt to forget her, but will somebody please answer a question for me! What in thunderation has become of Jackets?"

There was a general craning of necks, and then the driver of the carriage enlightened them.

"If yer mean der kid, he's gone after ther Injuns. Thet thar is a reg'lar boy trick, yer couldn't expect nothin' diff'rent."

CHAPTER II.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DOUBLE.

The Temple Theatrical Company had played in Salt Lake City one night, and on the evening of the second performance Marion was in her dressing-room at the theatre when Alma Allyn rushed in, her face flushed with excitement.

"What do you think, Marion! Jackets has come back! After staying away since eleven o'clock this morning he has at last come back to his mother and his duty, and, really, I was positively delighted when Ida Inez told me. I was desperately afraid we had lost our mascot!"

"And that would be dreadful!" said Marion, laughing. "We have had trouble enough even with a mascot in the company. I don't know what would happen if we were unlucky enough to lose him."

"I am afraid we are both a little superstitious yet, in spite of the fizzle about those fortunes," said Alma, mischievously. "Why, when Madame Zhangara told our fortunes in Kansas City we had to pinch ourselves to be reasonable, and yet here we are almost as silly as ever. We think the fate of the Temple Theatrical Company rests on that infant's shoulders."

"It isn't quite as bad as that," was Marion's smiling answer, "but oh, Alma, it was such a relief to have Madame Zhangara's prophecy explained. I hate to be superstitious, for I know it is closely allied to ignorance, but I guess the wisest of us believe a little in such folly."

"Unfortunately we do," admitted Alma.

"Well, 'all's well that ends well,' and certainly Ajax turned out all right. Instead of robbing the train, as his mother expected him to, he not only protected it, but killed the robber. Will we ever forget that ride through Kansas, Marion? It is the last on our list of thrilling experiences!"

"And I hope it remains the last," said Marion, soberly, "for, while I am glad I know how to run a locomotive, I hope I shall never have it to do again under such terrible circumstances."

The young girl was making a large envelope as she spoke, and, as she gave it a final pat, she turned to her friend a little anxiously.

"You think I do right to report that fel-

sergeant, don't you, Alma? I do not wish to do it unless you all approve of it!"

"I'll mail the letter, Marion, and that will show you how I feel on the subject," was her friend's quick answer, as she held out her hand for the envelope. "I hope to goodness they court-martial the brute and then keep him in the guard-house as long as we stay in Utah!"

The last call from the stage sounded just then, so the conversation ended, and, the next minute, the beautiful star of the company was before the footlights.

"No one would ever believe she was so brave and noble, would they, Miss Allyn," whispered Ida Inez, the soubrette, as she and Alma waited for their cues just back of the flimsy canvas.

"She looks like a gentle, timid girl, and so she is," was Miss Allyn's answer, "but I have learned that gentleness is often coupled with strength, and that timidity of manner often accompanies fearlessness of spirit! Marion is a wonderful combination of all that is loveliest in woman!"

"I wish you would let me say those things, Alma," remarked Dr. Brookes, as he joined them. "Of course, it sounds angelic coming from a sister woman, because they so rarely praise each other, but we men must insist upon the privilege of expressing such sentiments, so I repeat that Marion is the embodiment of all that is desirable in woman. She is sweet, gentle, just and, above all, loyal. Now, what do you suppose she would say if she heard us?"

"That you were a couple of individuals possessing sadly distorted intellects, no doubt," chimed in Bert Jackson, promptly, as he put his hand on the doctor's shoulder. "Marion does not enjoy hearing [illegible] tery,' as she calls it. She is too [illegible] listen to it and too humble to beli[illegible]

"She is making a hit out here [illegible] do listen, Bert! The house is as still as death! When Marion is acting you could almost hear a pin drop!" whispered Ida Inez, softly.

"And you ought to see the row of bald-headed Mormon elders in the front row," answered Bert. "There's a regular line of them, clear across the theatre! Why, if polygamy wasn't dead, Marion could have forty-nine husbands before she leaves Utah, and her combined number as a wife would probably be something like two hundred!"

"Quick, Bert! There's your cue!" whispered Miss Allyn, suddenly.

Bert darted out upon the stage, and, as he did so, his foot caught in the scenery. Dr. Brookes sprang forward and kept it from falling, and Bert advanced to the footlights as calmly as ever. Dr. Brookes steadied the bit of canvas while one of the "scene shifters" fastened it, then he put his eye to a hole that had been torn in the canvas.

"Colonel Hayes is in the audience, and there is an elegant-looking gentleman with him. Do take a look, Alma," he said, as he stepped back softly.

"He is handsome, the other gentleman," was Miss Allyn's comment, "and, dear me, doctor, how they are staring at Marion! They both have their glasses leveled at her in a way that is positively alarming!"

"I can't quite make out who that distinguished old fellow looks like," said Dr. Brookes, taking another peep.

"I know!" cried Miss Allyn, with a sudden inspiration. "It's old Brigham Young, just as sure as shooting!"

The doctor laughed, but his face brightened instantly.

"I don't just see how it can be Brigham, inasmuch as he is in the Mormon heaven, according to all accounts, but it certainly does look like the clever old fellow."

"Perhaps it is his astral body," suggest[illegible]

Alma. "The old gentleman has sent it in from force of habit. He may have a sneaking desire to making Marion number twenty!"

"I saw his nineteenth wife on the street to-day," broke in Lena Ellis, the *ingenué,* at that moment, "at least, it was one of them. I'm not sure about her number, and say, wasn't she a forlorn-looking specimen! Why, she looked for all the world as if she had been dragged through a knot-hole and then turned around and dragged the knot-hole through after her!"

"For heaven's sake, Lena, where did you get hold of that saying?" asked Miss Allyn, curiously. "Is there a copyright on it, or is the patent applied for? I've seen funny-looking people myself, but none that answered that description!"

"Oh, that's a Yankee-ism. I got it from Bert," retorted Miss Ellis, gayly. "He's from Connecticut, you know, and they are full of such phrases up there! I mean to catch them all before Bert and I are married! It is the most decided way I know of proving my affection!"

"Hello! What are you people all looking at?" asked Bert, as he made his exit from the stage and came suddenly upon the group of watchers in the wings.

Dr. Brookes had to go on, and, in a second, Miss Allyn followed him, so Miss Ellis was left alone to answer his question.

"Who is his job-lots with the whiskers, sitting in the seventh row, main aisle, Bert?" she asked, quickly. "The doctor and Alma think he is Brigham Young. Now, he doesn't look a little bit like that enterprising old gentleman!"

Bert took a sharp glance through the peep-hole and then lowered his voice cautiously.

"That is one of the high muck-a-mucks out here. I don't know his name," he said, spitefully. "He's in some Government position and stands in with the whole blooming garrison, in spite of the fact that he has three or four wives and a whole raft of poor, unfortunate children!"

"Oh, Bert! But the law doesn't allow that sort of thing nowadays," began his sweetheart.

Bert looked at her and his lip curled scornfully.

"Rats! Don't you believe it, girlie! Why, it's all the religion these poor women know, and what is the law to them? Why, they'll have to pass an Edmunds bill for breakfast, dinner and supper and turn down a Mormon Congressman between meals if they expect to really stop it!"

"And to think that he sits there ogling Marion!" gasped Miss Ellis, furiously. "Oh, Bert, I'd just like to make faces at him, and I declare I will, the minute I get back to the footlights!"

"What, and queer the show!" laughed Bert, good-naturedly. He leaned over again and took another look at the audience. There was the silvery tinkle of a bell and the curtain started to descend.

"Gee whiz! They are going out! Do you want to make a bet, Lena?" he asked, in a sharp whisper. "I'll give you ten to one or anything else—that old duffer with the whiskers is coming around behind the scenes to meet Marion!"

CHAPTER III.

MR. TEMPLE'S THEORY.

It was exactly as Bert had said. In less than ten minutes Mr. Temple, the manager of the company, came in at the stage door in company with a handsome man of fifty who had just left his companion, the colonel.

The second act was on and Marion was on the stage, so the two gentlemen took a posi-

tion in the wings, where they could watch the beautiful young actress.

Miss Allyn caught sight of them and was tempted to stop for another look, when Jackets bobbed up suddenly from behind a pile of old scenery and made a grimace at her.

"Come erlong, Miss Allyn! I've got er secret fer yer!" he whispered, mysteriously; and the "leading lady" allowed him to drag her half way across the sceneroom.

"Oh, Jackets! you wicked mascot! Where in the world did you go to-day, and what did those two beastly soldiers do with the poor Indians?" she asked, as soon as they were safely out of sight and hearing of the two gentlemen.

"Dat's wot I wanted ter know, an' dat's w'y I skipped de tra-la-loo," was the quick answer. "Hully gee! But youse had orter seen dem sojers punch de two Injuns, Miss Allyn! W'y, I t'ought, sure Mike, dey'd smash de faces off'n 'em!"

"The poor things!" cried Miss Allyn, with an indignant frown. "Oh, I just wish there was some way to punish them, Jackets!"

"Den dey pumped dis kid like good 'uns," went on the boy, his eyes twinkling, "but youse kin bet yer tintype I strung 'em ter beat de band! Gee! De fairy tales an' poip dreams wot I give dat push wuz corkers an' no mistake! I'd orter have er medal, an' dat's straight, Miss Allyn!"

"Oh, Jackets! You didn't lie to them, did you?" asked Miss Allyn, trying hard to keep a sober face. "You know Miss Marlowe would not like you to tell lies about her!"

The boy's face softened and his head drooped a little, but there was still a flash of mischief in his eyes as he looked up slyly.

"T'ink I wuz goin' ter give her erway? Not muchie! I told 'em she wuz de richest loidy in de hull city of New York an' dat she wuz goin' ter have a millyun settled on her w'en she wuz married. Gee! But didn't de kernel swell up at dat! An' didn't de duffer wid de wind blowin' troo his w'iskers do de flimflam act ter perfeshun!"

"For goodness sake, what do you mean!" began Miss Allyn, when she heard Miss Ellis calling her.

"Quick! They've given your cue twice, Alma!" called the *ingenué*, sharply.

Miss Allyn bounded toward the stage, passing Dr. Brookes just as he made his exit.

The young man's face was pale, and he did not even look at her, but Alma knew it was because he had caught sight of the visitor who was still chatting with Mr. Temple.

A moment later Marion left the stage and came face to face with her manager and his guest, and, with a meaning glance into her eyes, Mr. Temple introduced them.

Marion had not noticed the gentleman before, and knew nothing about him, but the fact that he was in Mr. Temple's company made her treat him very civilly.

"You are very kind," she murmured, as the gentleman complimented her on her acting. There was a flush on her cheeks and, as she spoke, the man who looked like Brigham Young was studying her attentively. There were a few words of pleasant conversation, and then Marion was obliged to leave them, but by the time she had gone her new admirer had arrived at a conclusion.

This beautiful young actress was quite the most charming girl that he had ever met, and if there was a weakness in his nature, it was for the company of charming young ladies.

More than this, he registered a mental vow at that moment. He did not intend that Marion Marlowe should ever leave Utah. He was a powerful man in Salt Lake City and knew no such word as failure; the question was how should he go about it to accomplish his purpose.

He was revolving this question in his mind as Mr. Temple talked to him, and when Marion passed him again on her way to the stage he gave her an admiring glance that suffused her face with blushes.

There had not been time between the acts for a word with any one, and the young girl was still favorably inclined toward the handsome gentleman; besides, she felt sure that there must be some good reason for Mr. Temple presenting him.

"It is not his custom to introduce us to strangers," she argued to herself, "and he has always been such a cautious manager! It must be all right or he would not have done it, and no doubt he will explain after the performance is over."

But there was no time for explanations after the final curtain. Marion had to leave the stage a few minutes before the rest, and she was in a cab with Mr. Temple on her way to a restaurant ten minutes before those who could have told her something of her new acquaintance had reached their dressing rooms.

"Now, Marion, I'll explain," began Mr. Temple, as soon as they were in the cab. "This gentleman, Mr. Artemas V. Canton, is one of the most influential men in Utah, and it was he who arranged to give us this date at the theatre. You know we were booked for next week, and then that change in our plans occurred, so I felt under obligations to show him my appreciation."

"And is he a man of good character?" asked Marion, quickly. "He is certainly handsome and extremely agreeable."

Mr. Temple stroked his mustache thoughtfully before he replied.

"I know very little about him except in a business way," he said, slowly. "I know him to be public-spirited, and he goes to Washington frequently. I believe he used to be a staunch follower of Brigham Young and even now there are suspicions against his loyalty to the laws, but it is not for me to judge of a man's religion. My own is none too good; I never criticize others."

Marion looked at him a moment with a puzzled expression upon her fair features.

"You mean that he is a Mormon?" she [illegible] gave a little guardedly; then a pitying smile curved her lips as she went on more eagerly. "Do you know, Mr. Temple, I read all about Joseph Smith and Mormonism in the encyclopedia when I found we were coming to Utah, and really, I can't understand how the people can cling to such a belief! Of course, there are some good points in it and some that are very bad, but I supposed that the laws of the country had eradicated the most of the evils from Mormonism!"

Mr. Temple felt that he was on dangerous ground, so he spoke with great deliberation.

"The fundamental law of all religions, which is humanity and love, is all right," he said, very soberly. "But there is much that we might criticize in all beliefs, for the best of them are not free from superstition and folly. My theory is to let a man's life speak for him. I respect honest sentiments wherever I hear them and can sympathize with a martyr who dies for his convictions, even though I consider him a fool for doing it. Now the doctrines of Mormonism preach industry, economy and sobriety. The streets of Salt Lake City do not teem with unfortunate women, and so far as I know, the natives of Utah are as happy as the people of other countries.

"Whether Brigham H. Roberts was worse than our other Congressmen at Washington, I do not know. You had a little experience with them yourself, Marion, so you must have your opinion; but, at any rate, polygamy is said to be as 'dead as a doornail' in Utah, so, as we did not come out here to investigate the 'pasts' of the audiences which pay us for amusing them, I feel that we are free to treat people with kindness and courtesy."

Marion listened eagerly. They were her sentiments exactly, yet there was a feeling of horror creeping over her that she could not quite account for.

"And this gentleman, Mr. Canton—he is not a polygamist, is he?" she asked, timidly.

Mr. Temple smiled, and as the carriage stopped, he answered: "I said just now that 'polygamy' is dead. A man cannot contract plural marriages any more—it is possible that there are those who prefer their so-called 'wife' to legality."

He alighted from the carriage as he spoke, and at the moment Mr. Canton himself came

toward them escorting a somewhat haggard-looking woman.

"My wife, Miss Marlowe," he said, in a courteous tone.

Marion drew a breath of relief as she touched the lady's hand in greeting.

She felt confident now that Mr. Canton, at least, observed the letter of the law, but why did his wife gaze into her face so viciously, and why should her hand have been so cold when Marion grasped it?

These were two questions which tormented her through a fairly pleasant dinner, but for which she could find no satisfactory answer.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ASTONISHING BIT OF INFORMATION.

Marion roomed alone at the hotel, so she did not see her friend Miss Allyn that night, and her last thought as she went to sleep was of Artemas V. Canton. He was such an entertaining and chivalrous gentleman. There was something wondrously attractive in both his words and glances. She was wondering if there were many more such men in Utah and if that was why so many women fell in love with them, when she dropped off to sleep and slept soundly until morning.

Almost before she was dressed a bellboy brought her a note from Mr. Temple.

She had received an honor, indeed, and from Mr. Canton. He and his wife would call at ten o'clock and take her for a look at the Mormon Tabernacle and Temple, after which he would escort her himself through the Endowment House, wherein the initiation into the Mormon belief or "sealing" was effected.

There were few men in Utah, he explained, who could enter this "Holy of Holies" as he could, and, of course, Marion was delighted at the opportunity to see it, but she regretted that Alma had not been invited to join her.

"I suppose it is because I am the star of the company that I am singled out for this honor," she mused, a little sorrowfully, "and, of course, I must help Mr. Temple discharge his obligation, but I do hope Mr. Canton will bring his wife without fail. I would hate to go alone through that mysterious building."

She smiled in anticipation of a rare treat as she hastily donned her clothing. She would breakfast in her room, as it was already nearly half-past nine. A gentle tap at the door interrupted her musings, and the young girl crossed the room and opened it promptly. A woman, perhaps forty years of age and dressed all in black was standing in the hall. There was something mysterious both in her face and manner.

"Pardon me, but may I see you a moment, miss," she said, in a nervous whisper. "It is very important; pray do not refuse me."

Marion opened the door wider and smiled brightly at her visitor.

"Of course you can see me, if you wish to," she said, politely. "Please be seated, and do tell me what I can do for you."

Her visitor's face was growing so pale that the young girl spoke eagerly. She seemed to feel instinctively that this woman was in serious trouble.

"You are Miss Marion Marlowe, the actress, are you not?" began her guest in a cautious whisper. "The young lady who is so rich and who just acts for pleasure, and you are to have a million settled on you when you are married, is not that so, Miss Marlowe?"

Marion's eyes flew open and she almost gasped. She had not yet heard of her mascot's marvelous stories, and she was beginning to think that her visitor was crazy.

"I know all about it," went on the woman, excitedly. "You see, I heard my husband telling it to one of the 'seven presidents' at my home last night. They thought I was preparing the dinner, but I was listening, Miss Marlowe, and oh, my poor, dear child, I have come to warn you!"

She half rose from her chair as she spoke, but Marion drew away from her with a shiver.

What in the world did she mean by her being "rich and just acting for pleasure?"

"Yes! Yes! I must warn you, although I shall be cursed for doing so, I know!" went on the woman, more shrilly. "I know I am only a woman, and that my soul is my husband's! I shall lie in my grave forever for this act, Miss Marlowe, but I must speak! I must! It will kill me to keep

silent! Oh, my dear, dear child! Fly from Salt Lake City! Fly from this baneful temptation which is coming to you! I warn you for your own good, yet, oh, how cruelly I have suffered!"

Marion sank back upon her chair, while this flood of words was being poured forth. Her eyes were still staring, but she was beginning to understand a little.

She must do something at once to quiet her guest, but the pitiful voice was in her ears again before she could come to anything like a decision.

"And to think that he is looked up to and respected, Miss Marlowe. Oh, if the Government only knew how he laughed at their laws, and how stealthily he is working to undermine them! I could tell so much if I only dared! I have overheard them so often, always whispering, whispering! And when I heard them last night, oh, God, how I suffered, and yet it is only a part of my religion! We Mormon women have so much to bear! We are born and reared in the faith of our ancestors, Miss Marlowe, and oh, how hard we try to obey our great Master!"

Marion moved a little nearer to her now, and laid her hand upon the woman's arm. She felt sure that she was demented, and she was determined to soothe her.

"But that is all over now," she began, in a timid voice. "You have all been taught that your religion was wrong; that women do have souls, and that they are in their own keeping, but pray tell me why you come to me? I cannot think of any way that I can possibly help you."

As the last words left her lips the woman sprang to her feet; her pale face had grown livid and her eyes were blazing.

"Our religion is not wrong; it is right!" she cried, wildly. "We belong to our husbands, and they should be made to protect us! Think of it, Miss Marlowe! I was married in the Tabernacle! The priests and elders of the Mormon church sanctioned my marriage, yet, oh, Miss Marlowe, how shall I tell you! I am scorned, spurned, despised, and by what—the law of man! Adam's law, the law of the Mormon church in which I was baptized has been set aside and I and my children are, in the eyes of the world, common outcasts!"

"Oh, no! Not that!" cried Marion, springing to her feet. "If you were married in the church and by the laws of your State at that time, no law that has been made since then can alter your marriage! I do not understand how you can condemn yourself in any such manner!"

There was a look of perplexity on her face, but it vanished in a minute as the woman folded her hands in a hopeless manner.

"I am a plural wife," she began, in a strained voice, "and I married him after polygamy was abolished."

Marion uttered a cry that made her guest glance up in terror. The young girl was standing over her with horror stamped on every feature.

"And you come to me for sympathy!" she cried out, hotly. "Why, madam, you are wicked! How could you do it? How did you dare rob another woman of her husband's love, and oh, how could you be so guilty as to hand down your sins to innocent children?"

The woman looked at her, but there was only a dull, apathetic light in her eyes.

"It was my religion," she began, faintly, but Marion interrupted her.

"It is the most horrible thing that I ever heard of," she said, sharply. "You have a heart in your bosom, I suppose! How would you like to have your husband marry another woman?"

There was a flush on the pale face now as the woman answered her.

"That is exactly what I came here for today, Miss Marlowe," she said, sharply. "He is going to marry again, and you are the woman! I heard them plotting it all last night, my husband and the President!"

If a thunderbolt had dropped at her feet, Marion could not have been more astounded.

Before she could move or speak the woman opened the door. As she closed it behind her the reaction came; Marion sat down upon the nearest chair and burst out laughing.

CHAPTER V.

A DANGEROUS INVITATION.

"What in the world is the matter, Marion?" called out Miss Allyn's voice at the door. The next moment she stood upon the threshold staring at her friend in utter wonder.

"Oh, Alma! Come in, quick, and shut the door!" cried Marion. "I have some extraordinary information to impart to you. I am doomed to be the plural wife of a Mormon elder!"

Miss Allyn got her breath, and then she, too, dropped upon a chair.

"Been consulting another fortune-teller, have you?" she asked, quickly.

"No, not a bit of it! I had a 'revelation, as the Mormons say," answered Marion, almost hysterically. "Only my revelation came in the shape of a sad-faced woman, the plural wife of a man who expects to double his plurals or triple them or quadruple them—I don't know which, exactly."

Miss Allyn got up and went over to Marion and put her hand on her forehead.

"Mental aberration, girlie, I can't call it anything else," she said, shaking her head soberly. "Now which had I better do, I wonder—put on an ice pack at once or call the doctor."

Marion had another laughing spell before she was able to talk seriously, then she told her friend of her early morning visitor.

"Who in the name of all the 'Latter Day Saints' was she, anyhow?" asked Alma, when she finished.

Marion shook her head with a mournful sigh.

"I was too upset to ask her," she said, dolefully, "but I did feel so sorry for that poor creature at first, and oh, Alma, that makes me think of what happened last night; did you think Mr. Temple and I had eloped after the performance?"

Miss Allyn's face grew sober, and she put one hand on Marion's shoulder as she replied:

"No, dearie, but I did feel anxious about [illegible] I learned where you had gone. You see, I have heard a little something about Mr. Artemas V. Canton!"

Marion glanced at her sharply, and a worried look crept into her eyes.

"He is a very influential man in Salt Lake City, Mr. Temple says, and he got the theatre for us this week," explained Marion, quickly, "and his wife was with him, so it was all right, Alma."

"Which one?" asked Miss Allyn, with a sarcastic tone in her voice.

Marion drew away so that she could look at her, squarely.

"Oh, Alma, you don't mean to say that he——"

Miss Allyn broke in upon her in a decidedly snappish manner.

"I mean that Mr. Temple is all right as a manager, and that he is a very nice man, but he should not let his business policy interfere with his honor as a gentleman, and, in my opinion, he did last night when he introduced you to a man who has three living wives and who calls two-thirds of his poor children 'misdemeanors!'"

Miss Allyn delivered her statement in a way that left no misunderstanding. She was as angry at Mr. Temple as was possible with her nature.

"You ought to have seen Dr. Brookes when he heard of it," she went on. "Why, that calm and placid young man nearly frothed at the mouth, and, as for Bert, well, he did a two-step in full war-paint and feathers! Oh, I don't envy our manager when he meets his company this morning!"

Marion glanced at her watch with a cry as Alma spoke, then sank back again upon her chair, her lovely face flushing crimson.

"I was to go to the Tabernacle and Endowment House with Mr. Canton this morning," she said, very slowly. "He was to have come at ten o'clock, and now it is eleven. Something must have happened to prevent him, and I am heartily glad of it."

"Number one may have heard of it and detained him for a curtain lecture," muttered Alma, savagely, "or, perhaps, number two wants a new bonnet or something, and he is putting in the time trying to argue her out of it! Oh, I just envy these old sin-

ners their connubial bliss! I should imagine that three wives would make a perfect paradise for a man, and what must it be when he has a dozen!"

Marion had to smile, for her friend was positively vicious, but the serious look in her eyes had not faded for an instant.

"Oh, but they do not all live together!" she cried. "Even when polygamy was lawful the most of them had separate establishments, and now, as my visitor said, only one wife is lawful if the other marriages took place after the law was passed."

There was another rap on the door and Miss Allyn opened it. Miss Ellis came in with her eyes almost popping out with excitement.

"Oh, girls! The Spanish-American war is on again for fair! Quick! Come into my room and listen a minute. Dr. Brookes and Mr. Temple are having it hot and heavy, and it's all about Marion going out with a Mormon! I heard every word of it right through the transom."

"But you shouldn't have listened," began Marion, anxiously.

"Why not? Wasn't I in my own room, I'd like to know! If they didn't wish me to hear why didn't they adjourn to the cellar? I'm sure there wasn't the slightest danger of my following them!" retorted the *ingénue*.

"Well, inasmuch as you heard it all, you can tell us," said Miss Allyn, calmly, as she shut the door. "Is it an out and out 'scrap,' or just a battle of words? If it is the genuine thing, I'm betting on the doctor!"

"Oh, he'll win, hands down," laughed Miss Ellis, merrily, "but I won't tell a word until Marion answers one question. I want to know who his job-lots was, I mean the *distingué* duffer with the whiskers?"

Once more there was a tap upon the door and, as Marion opened it, she took a card from the bell-boy, which she passed over to Miss Ellis.

"That is the gentleman's name," she began, when Miss Allyn interrupted her.

"And he's a bright and shining light in the Mormon church, Lena. He has three wives and seven children, and now the miserable scoundrel has his eyes on Marion!"

CHAPTER VI.

TROUBLE IN THE COMPANY.

Miss Ellis turned to stare at Marion, but the young girl had disappeared. She was on her way to the parlor to refuse Mr. Canton's invitation. Half-way down the hall she came suddenly face to face with Mr. Temple. He was as pale as a ghost, and seemed highly excited.

"You need not go down, Marion," he said, abruptly. "I have made your excuses, and here is a note from Mrs. Canton. She will take you to the Tabernacle without him at my request, and I trust Dr. Brookes and Bert will have no objections now. For my part, I can see nothing wrong with Canton. He was a polygamist once, but all that is over. At present he is a law-abiding citizen and one of the most prominent men in Utah!"

He was so thoroughly angry that Marion tried to calm him, although she could not help feeling grateful to Bert and the doctor.

"I am sure I have nothing against Mr. Canton nor any of the Mormons," she said, sweetly. "It is not for me to sit in judgment upon them. Of course, I would not like to be entertained by a man who was in any way dishonorable, but I guess there will be no objections to my going with his wife. I shall insist upon Alma or some one accompanying me."

She was walking slowly back to her room when Mr. Temple spoke again. He had taken a few rapid steps and now stood close beside her.

Marion glanced up into his face, and then took a sharp look around. She could see that her manager was about to say something important.

"Marion, what right has he, Dr. Brookes, to act as your protector?" he asked, angrily.

"I am the manager of this company, is not that my position?"

It was an awkward moment, but the young girl faced it bravely.

"You are able to protect me, I am sure, Mr. Temple," she said, promptly; "but Dr. Brookes was my friend before I ever heard of you, so you must try to appreciate his

friendship for me. Why can you not decide together what is best for my good? It is very painful to me to think that you should disagree or that there should ever be a word of unpleasantness between you."

She spoke so pleadingly that in an instant her companion looked ashamed. It was not the first time that he had allowed his jealousy of the young physician to get the better of his chivalry.

"Hurry, Marion! We want you!" called Miss Ellis at that moment.

Mr. Temple bowed and turned away, and Marion ran on to her room, her cheeks flushed with emotion. Mrs. Burnside and Ida Inez were in the room now, and, as the young girl entered, she was greeted with a question from the latter.

"Did Jackets tell you or haven't you seen him this morning, Marion? Those two poor runaway Indians are in the guard-house over at the garrison! I think it is a shame!" she cried, indignantly.

"And the sergeant has not been court-martialed yet," added Mrs. Burnside. "Jackets saw him in town this morning, and he says the fellow pumped him about you, Marion. He wanted to know for sure if you were coming to the ball at the barracks, and how many members of the company would be apt to be with you."

"Now, what the mischief is he driving at?" asked Miss Allyn, thoughtfully. "He'll be keeping company with the Indians in the guard-house by to-night, so it will not make very much difference to him who comes with Marion. Ten to one the fellow is harboring some ill-will against her. Thank goodness he will have no opportunity to display it."

"Hurry, girls! It is almost time for rehearsal!" cried Miss Ellis, with a glance at the clock. "Come on and get some coffee and then let's plan what we will do. We haven't begun to see half of this checkerboard city."

"It is rather geometrical, isn't it?" said Miss Allyn, as she seated herself at the table. "The blocks are as even as though they had been laid out with a T-square, and those little rivers along the streets are too funny for anything. I feel like bending a pin and going fishing whenever I see them!"

"I jest seen er skorpyun!" piped Jackets, from his seat beside his mother. "An' say, did it gimme de creeps fer fair! Talk erbout yer centypeeds, w'y dis beast kin walk all over dem!"

"Oh, Jackets! Don't speak of such creatures at the table!" cried his mother, quickly.

Jackets subsided with a crestfallen air.

"Hello! Here they come! Not the scorpions or the centipedes, but the mash notes!" called Bert, as a bell-boy came in, carrying a tray of letters and handed them to Marion.

"I'll bet there's one each from the whole front row! Now be ready to count when Marion opens them!"

Dr. Brookes took a seat at the table as Marion opened the first letter, and the others glanced at him slyly, but he was as calm and smiling as ever.

His disagreement with Mr. Temple had not affected his manner, and Marion drew a breath of relief when she saw how pleasantly he greeted her.

She had not offended him, then, by dining with Mr. Canton and his wife. It was only Mr. Temple who had aroused his anger.

"They are not 'mash notes' at all, or, if they are, they are a new variety," she said, as she glanced over her letters. "Here are two invitations to visit the Tabernacle, three to dine with the wives and families of my admirers, and four requests to add 'Romeo and Juliet' to my repertoire, if possible, and one—oh, Alma, do listen to this! Here is one very urgent request for me to join the Mormons and receive the manifold blessings of their beautiful religion!"

"Well, I'll be jiggered! If that isn't nerve!" cried Bert, excitedly.

"They have a right to think it beautiful, I suppose," said Alma, quickly; "but who is the request from, one of the elders, I suppose, Marion?"

The young girl glanced at the signature at the bottom of the sheet.

"It is signed Mrs. Artemas V. Canton," she said, with a gasp, "but, Alma, it isn't her writing at all. Why, I have a note from her in my pocket this minute!"

"Well, of all the stupid things! Did she forget to put on her number?" asked Alma, with a wink at Bert. "Seems to me that's an awful oversight in a well regulated family."

Marion drew the first note from her pocket and compared them carefully, while the others looked on in breathless interest.

"I can't believe it," said the young girl, finally. "Oh, I almost wish we had never come to Utah! It is a bit of experience that I shall always regret, this coming in contact with conditions that are so repulsive."

"And to think that people have lived and died and never known anything different," murmured Mrs. Burnside.

Mr. Temple came in just then. The manager's face was still pale, but he was trying to be as pleasant as possible, in spite of the resentment he felt against Dr. Brookes.

"That sergeant has been court-martialed on the strength of your report, Marion," he said, quietly. "I saw Colonel Hayes this morning and he says he shall be punished for his brutality. The colonel also says he hopes we will not fail him to-night, as he wishes the ball to be the finest of the season."

"I shall go with pleasure!" cried Marion, smilingly. "And I shall enjoy it far more, knowing that the sergeant is locked up, for, as Bert said, there was a look in his eyes as though he would like to get square with me."

"There are few safer places than a garrison of United States soldiers, I fancy," began Miss Ellis.

"Marion will be well looked after, I am sure," said Mr. Temple, with a little anger in his voice, "for, of course, our friend, the doctor, will be eager to defend her!"

"With my life, Mr. Temple!" was the young physician's answer. The words were said so earnestly that even Marion was startled.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE GUARD-HOUSE.

The last ball that Marion had attended was the Inauguration Ball at Washington, and, as she entered the drill-room of the barracks that night at about twelve o'clock, she could not help remarking the difference.

"Isn't it a queer place?" whispered Miss Allyn, in her ear, "and how funny the flags do look swinging from such bare old rafters! Why, it would be a positive mockery to sing the 'Star Spangled Banner' here!"

"The soldiers look happy, though," said Miss Ellis, softly; "and there are lots of handsome fellows among them. I intend to flirt desperately. I am going to do my best to make my sweetheart jealous."

"Oh, Lena, don't!" said Marion, quickly. "It would not be right when he loves you so dearly."

"Allow me to present Colonel Hayes," said Mr. Temple, at that minute, and then Marion found herself surrounded by a group of uniformed officers, each saying something pleasant and looking at her admiringly.

The ball-room was fairly well filled, but it grew more crowded after that, and a military salute from the guns of the garrison was given at midnight.

Marion was whirled off for the lanciers by the handsome colonel and, in a few minutes, every one had forgotten the dreary-looking drill-room in the general jollification which the soldiers were making.

"It is the gayest night I ever had!" Marion managed to say, as she was keeping time to the stirring music. "It was so kind of you, colonel, to invite us here! I would not have missed it for the world! It is perfectly delightful!"

"And you are the belle of the ball!" murmured the gallant colonel. "You have, indeed, honored us with your presence, Miss Marlowe! Our boys are all overflowing with eagerness to dance with you!"

"Oh, I wish I could dance a set with every one of them!" laughed Marion. "I do honor soldier boys so much; they are nearly all of them so noble—but I'm afraid the hours will not be long enough for that, and I am sorry to say I don't know any round dances!"

"But there are others who wish to dance with you as well as the soldiers," went on the colonel, as the music stopped and he was leading h to a seat. "We have several hundred people here from the city, you

know, and we make it a rule to see that our guests are supplied with partners first, with the exception, of course, that I open the ball—a duty that is always expected of the colonel of a garrison."

"I will dance with any one you say," said Marion, sweetly. "I see there are not very many ladies who dance and, of course, I'll do my best to make up the shortage."

"And your friends are being equally kind," said the colonel, glancing around the room. "I see they are all dancing. That helps us out wonderfully."

A group of people surrounded them now and the colonel introduced them; the next moment he was leading Miss Allyn on the floor and Marion found herself leaning on the arm of a handsome lieutenant.

There was dance after dance, with the music growing livelier all the time, and, by two o'clock, the young girl was almost exhausted. Such a jolly scene she had never before witnessed, and she entered into the fun with her whole heart and soul.

She was passionately fond of music, and the floor was like glass; besides, she was enveloped in an atmosphere of admiration by the soldiers, who could not resist filling her ears with soft, sweet speeches.

There was a banquet spread in the mess-room of the barracks, and, as her escort led her in through the crowd for a dish of ice cream, Marion came suddenly face to face with Artemas Canton.

"One of our representative citizens," said her escort, as they all bowed and smiled, "and very eager for a chat with you, Miss Marlowe."

Marion could not refuse, and a half-hour later she was seated at Mr. Canton's side in a nearly deserted corner of the quaint old barracks.

What her companion said to her she hardly knew; but, as Marion listened to his smooth voice and delicately flattering words, she found herself thinking again of his peculiar belief and half sympathizing with the women who had become so infatuated with him.

A little later Miss Allyn rescued her, and Marion was able to return to her friends for just a brief moment.

"Dear me! So the ogre captured you, after all! I did not mean he should," said Miss Allyn, savagely, "but aren't we having a glorious time! It beats the Inauguration Ball all hollow!"

"I certainly am having a good time," laughed Marion, and then another of the soldiers offered her his arm, and away she went as gayly as ever.

"A beautiful girl," remarked Mr. Canton, as he watched her from a corner, "and rich, too, they tell me! What a pity she is not of the Mormon faith! She would be a jewel in the crown of the church; is not that so, Elder Mason?" He had turned to his companion as he spoke, and both exchanged meaning glances.

"You are usually successful with the ladies; perhaps, it might be managed, Elder Canton," was the only answer, as the bearded follower of Brigham Young rubbed his hands together, softly.

"There is not sufficient time! She leaves Utah to-morrow," was the low reply. "To detain her for persuasion would necessitate prompt action."

His companion glanced once more at the beautiful girl, and then spoke again in a cautious whisper.

Mr. Canton listened attentively and then bowed his head.

"It can be done and I will do it, with your assistance, elder, for, as you say, no one will ever guess, and she is really very beautiful! The only woman I have seen in years who could make me defy the law and remain steadfast and true to the doctrines of polygamy!"

"The reward will be yours at the Great Day," muttered his companion, hypocritically; then the two walked slowly from the ball-room, where they could consult together.

Both plotters knew that Marion was young and innocent, and both felt sure that, away from her friends, she would be perfectly tractable in their hands.

The fortune which they had heard she possessed was the first incentive, but the young girl's beauty made them even more eager, for neither of these men had really bowed to the law; they were as much polygamists

as ever, only their real lives were lived in secret. If they could only induce her to accept their faith, or, better, to fall in love with the handsome elder! There was something else in their minds, but neither spoke it. They intended to seal the young girl's lips in such a manner that she would be glad to hide in whatever shelter they chose to offer her.

But the beautiful young girl knew nothing of their plots, and her laugh ripppled out merrily as she danced and chatted.

It was a great night at the garrison, and discipline was almost forgotten.

There were a few pretty drills of military manœuvres sandwiched in between the dances, and, during one of these, Marion and her escort escaped from the heated ball-room. Her escort placed a wrap over Marions' head and shoulders, and, together, they strolled out toward the parade ground for some fresh air.

It was a very dark night, with only a few stars visible, but the air was mild and the scene about the barracks was fascinating to her eyes, for it was the New England girl's first visit to a military encampment.

She was leaning upon the arm of a particularly attractive officer and, as they retraced their steps toward the drill-room, one of the sentries saluted him.

Her escort excused himself and stepped to one side. There were a few low sentences which Marion did not catch, then the words "escaped from the guard-house" fell upon her ears, and, in an instant, her face paled with instinctive terror.

"Go at once, if you are needed! Don't mind me!" she cried, quickly, as the officer turned toward her.

She was only a few steps from one of the entrances to the ball-room, so there was nothing to harm her and, with a word of polite regret, the gallant officer darted in the direction of the guard-house.

"Oh, I hope it is the Indians who have escaped and not the sergeant," whispered the young girl to herself; then she stopped at the low step leading up to the brightly lighted doorway.

There was the blast of a bugle and the clang of a bell.

Marion caught her breath with a thrill of horror. The fire alarm of the camp had been sounded!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EXPLOSION.

As Marion stood like a statue, she could hear the rapid orders of the colonel and the measured tread of the soldiers passing out of the drill-room by another exit. There were more bugle calls and more orders from all points of the camp; then a great blaze of light suddenly illumined the barracks. Some one had taken advantage of the festivities to wreak vengeance upon the camp, and she felt instinctively that it was the brutal sergeant.

It did not once occur to her to re-enter the ball-room, where the rest of the guests were waiting in breathless horror.

The scene from where she stood was too thrilling for that, for the fire was throwing a weird glare over the low buildings and the soldiers were darting here and there, like so many shadows. It was a long, low wooden building which was enveloped in flames, and the brave fighters were trying to keep it from spreading, for there were hundreds of guests who must be protected. Sentries sprang up like magic at every corner of the ground, and their slow, deliberate steps and monotonous voices sounded strange enough when compared with the sharp orders of the officers and the rapid tread of the busy soldiers.

Suddenly Marion thought of Alma and the rest of her party. She must go in at once or they would be apt to miss her. The glare was a little less now, and she could hear the streams of water hissing and sputtering, but, as she turned at last to the door, Bert appeared beside her.

"Marion! Thank the stars! I've found you!" cried Bert. "I've chased all over this blooming place! Been halted by no end of sentries, and nearly plugged full of holes, but here you are at last, and I might have known it. Of course, you'd have to be out to see what was going on! Why, the rest of the women are in there crying like babies!"

"I don't much blame them! It's awful!" cried Marion, sharply. "Oh, Bert, do you suppose that the sergeant did it?"

"If he did, I pity him," said Bert, taking her arm; "but you'd better come inside, Marion, before any of those fellows take a shot at us! Blest if I don't think they are just hankering to shoot something!"

A sentry was passing as he spoke, and they both turned to look at him. At that instant the door of the drill-room was shut and locked in their faces.

"Gee! That's good! They didn't know we were out here and they're afraid of sparks," said Bert. "Well, it would make things lively if they got a blaze in that bunting. Wait here a minute, Marion, while I go around and open it! It's a deuce of a long ways around all of those buildings; and, besides, with all those galoots looking for game, I don't want you to take any chances."

"They wouldn't shoot me if I obeyed orders," began Marion, anxiously.

"Thunderation! I don't suppose they would, but I was 'halted' nineteen times by actual count, on the way around!"

"All right! Go, on, Bert!" said Marion, smiling. "But be sure and 'halt' every time they tell you. Don't worry about me, I can watch the soldiers. There's enough fire to make it exciting."

Bert darted away, leaving Marion standing near the steps, and just then a form approached her from the opposite direction.

"Oh, Dr. Brookes!" she exclaimed, as the form came nearer, "I came out for some air and they have locked me out; but, dear me, Reginald, what is the matter?"

As he came close to her side, the young girl saw that his face was very pale and his name slipped from her lips under a moment of excitement.

"I was afraid something had happened to you, Marion," was the young man's prompt answer. "I missed you in the hall when the fire alarm sounded. Thank Heaven, you are safe, my darling!"

"Oh, Dr. Brookes!" gasped the young girl, as she caught the softly-whispered words. "You must not call me that! Really you musn't!"

"And I say that I must!" whispered the doctor, passionately. "Marion, darling, you must not be angry with me for that! I must speak once in awhile, or I will go raving crazy!"

He rested his hand on the young girl's shoulder as he spoke, and, even in her excitement, Marion noticed how it trembled.

"Marion, I must speak my love," went on the vibrating voice again. "Even though they are but wasted words, I must tell you now and then how dearly I love you. When all is calm and peaceful in your life, I can control my heart; but, when a moment like this comes, and I think you are in danger, I should be more than human if I could curb my tongue! Do you blame me, Marion?"

His voice was pleading now, and his lips were close to her ear. Marion had forgotten the scene about her for the moment.

"No, I don't blame you, doctor. I blame myself," she began, penitently; then, as the doctor's arm encircled her waist, the beautiful head rested for a moment upon his shoulder.

It was a new sensation which thrilled her every fibre, and, for just a brief second, she yielded to it, passively.

The young man's heart was beating almost against her own, and his arms drew her closer and closer, as if to hold her forever.

A shout from the soldiers brought them back to their senses. The flames had started from another point, and were being blown directly toward them.

"Oh, why doesn't Bert open the door?" Marion cried, sharply. "We'll have to run around the buildings if we get in now, and oh, doctor, see! It is too late! Our escape is cut off! They must open the door or the flames will be upon us!"

"Stand exactly where you are!" cried Dr. Brookes, firmly. "I'll run through those flames; I can do it easily. I'll have that door open in less than a minute!"

He had pulled off his coat as he spoke and put it over his head; the next second, he darted straight toward the flames while Marion gave a cry of horror.

There was a hiss and a roar as a stream of water from a hose pipe struck the build-

ing just before her, and Marion moved back involuntarily to a safer position.

Suddenly, the door of the ball-room was swung wide open, and, by the glare of the flames outside, the young girl could see both Bert and the doctor peering out for her.

Looking across the short space she could see their faces distinctly.

She made a step forward, and then stood perfectly still.

Suddenly a dull report, seemingly from the very ground beneath her feet, was followed by a deafening roar and a blinding flash which obscured everything from her sight and sent her reeling backward.

A volume of smoke poured in at the open door while fragments of earth and wood were scattered in all directions.

It was all so sudden that the door could not be closed and, in an instant, there followed the wildest confusion.

Dr. Brookes, Bert and the sentry staggered back, while the guests who were near the doorway uttered cries of horror.

Then another bugle blast sounded through the camp, then came a rush of feet from every direction.

The drill-room door was closed at last, with Bert and the doctor protesting loudly. They had just caught a glimpse of Marion when the explosion occurred and were almost beside themselves over her safety. Their wits came back a moment later and, regardless of the panic that was going on about them, they made their way across the crowded floor of the drill-room toward the main exit from the building.

There was not a sentry on the grounds that could stop them now. A squad of soldiers joined them in their mad race around the building, and, for once, even the sentries were genuinely excited.

The rumble of carriage wheels greeted their ears as they reached the spot where the explosion had occurred, but, as the men swung their lanterns over a jagged mass of broken sticks and stones and furrowed ground, Bert's face took on an expression of amazement. He had seen her himself not a minute before the explosion, but now there was not a trace of her to be seen. She had vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed her.

Even Dr. Brookes was unable to trace her.

The soldiers worked bravely and, in a few moments, had the fire under control; while a handful of officers quieted the excitement in the drill-room.

Such magnificent discipline the guests had never seen. They were actually forced to be quiet through the stern calmness of the officers.

But beneath their stern exteriors, many a heart beat anxiously, for one of their guests had disappeared, and that guest was Marion, the belle of the evening.

CHAPTER IX.

WHERE IS MARION?

"It was a gunpowder explosion and that ugly sergeant did it! I am as sure of it as I can be!" cried Alma Allyn, as the excitement quieted a little.

"I heard one of the soldiers say that it was spite work, and that the guard-house is empty," added Miss Ellis, quickly. "They had one soldier, the sergeant, and those two Indians in it!"

"It's a case of viciousness, without any doubt," broke in another guest; "but here comes an officer—he will tell us about it."

"And Bert is with him," cried Miss Ellis, as she got a glimpse of the group of men who were entering the ball-room.

The ladies had all huddled together in one end of the big place, while their escorts had stood at the door ready to help fight the fire if they were called upon, but now they all drew nearer together to hear exactly what had happened.

"Has any one seen Marion Marlowe?" called Bert, in a tone of anxiety. "She was within twenty feet of that explosion when it occurred. Now there isn't a sign of her to be found on the camp grounds!"

Alma Allyn uttered a faint cry and Miss Ellis clutched her arm. They had neither of them dreamed that any harm could come to Marion.

"My men are still searching for her," spoke up Colonel Hayes, who came in at that minute. "She must have escaped un-

harmed or we would have found her at once. I am sure she is safe—and somewhere in the buildings."

"But it isn't like Marion to hide that way!" cried Bert. "She knew I saw her in all that mess, and, of course, she must know that I'm two-thirds crazy."

His groan was echoed by nearly every one present, and once more there was a rush toward the scene of the explosion.

"Six carriages have passed out, sir," said the sentry, at that moment, as he saluted the colonel. "The first passed within five minutes of the explosion. It was driven by Hank Perkins and contained two ladies."

"That is extraordinary!" muttered the colonel, as the sentry retired. "Now, what two ladies could have left as quickly as that, and with no escort. I cannot understand it!"

He called the sentry back, but the man could tell him nothing. He had allowed the carriage to pass, hardly knowing what he did, and it did not occur to him to notice the occupants. He took it for granted that they were guests who had been scared by the explosion.

"It's no use, colonel! Marion has vanished!" cried Bert, coming up at that minute. "We've hunted everywhere, and there isn't a trace of her."

The colonel repeated the sentry's news that six carriages had already left the grounds, and Bert breathed a sigh of relief, for it seemed to explain the situation.

"Then we may as well say good-night," he said, more cheerfully, "unless there is something we can do to help you, colonel."

The gentleman thanked him, but there was no need for the guests to wait. The soldiers had proven themselves quite capable of handling the conflagration.

Mr. Temple's party was the last to leave, for they still had a lingering hope that they would hear something of Marion.

They were confident that she was safe, yet her actions were inexplicable. It was not like Marion to keep them in suspense as to her welfare.

Who had helped her to escape, and where had they taken her? These were questions that neither of her friends could answer.

"For once I seem unable to even think," said Miss Allyn, mournfully. "Of course she has escaped or they would have found her! Oh, I was so afraid that she was injured and that she was alone! If we only knew she was unharmed, I would feel so much better!"

Mr. Temple had completely forgotten his jealousy now, and both he and Dr. Brookes did their best to soothe her.

"She must have escaped! There is no other explanation," said Mr. Temple. "The secretary saw her, and so did Bert. If she had been hurt by the explosion, she could not have gotten away, and, of course, whoever found her would have reported to the colonel."

"Unless it happened to be that ugly brute of a sergeant," spoke up Miss Ellis, savagely. "Oh, I hope to goodness he did not see her!"

"I didn't think of that! Oh, poor Marion! Poor Marion!" groaned Miss Allyn. "Still that is only a supposition! We must not think of it!"

"And an absurd one!" broke in Dr. Brookes, who was pale with suppressed emotion; "for, if the sergeant is guilty of firing the buildings, he would not have tarried that long on the premises."

"What a comforting thought!" cried Miss Ellis. "Why, as like as not, we shall find her at the hotel, and here we are actually crying over her!"

Her words brought a ray of hope to every one in the carriage, and, in a moment, the doctor was able to speak calmly.

"How bravely the soldiers worked. Their drill was perfect! I am quite sure that I never saw anything like it!"

"Bert said that Marion was watching them," said Alma again; "she had gone out on the parade ground to cool off a little. It is strange how such things happen to our poor, dear Marion!"

"When the explosion came, it filled the whole ball-room with smoke and flame," went on Miss Ellis. "I was watching Bert as he opened the door. The next minute I had a shock that nearly killed me! I thought Bert had gone up in spontaneous combustion."

"Well, the dear boy did get his face badly scorched, and the sentry inhaled a lot of the

smoke. I think the wind was blowing in that direction and that was why they closed the door in the first place," said Miss Allyn.

Miss Ellis was leaning out of the window as Miss Allyn spoke, and Dr. Brookes saw that she was anxious about her lover, who was in a second carriage with Orrin Olcott and the two other ladies of the company.

"Don't worry about Bert; he is not badly burned," he said, quietly, "and I don't believe he even knows his face is scorched. He is so anxious about Marion that he is oblivious to suffering."

"Dear Bert! He is an angel," said Miss Ellis, fondly; "only, of course, you mustn't any of you tell him that I said so."

"I fancy he knows it," answered Miss Allyn, and, just then, the carriage stopped. They had reached the hotel at which they were stopping.

"Now, if she is only here it will be all right," said Miss Allyn, as the doctor assisted her to alight. "It was a delightful night in spite of the fire. Of course, it would have been different if any one had been injured!"

"I hope they will catch the sergeant and punish him," snapped Miss Ellis, as she followed her friend, "for, in spite of his fireworks, I think he is a brute, and who knows but he has stolen our darling Marion!"

"That is hardly possible," said Dr. Brookes again.

"Kidnapping young women is not one of the habits of United States soldiers; besides, if Marion was unharmed, he would not take her far. She would have the whole camp after him if he dared to touch her."

He ran up the steps as he spoke, and was first in the office.

"Oh, Dr. Brookes!" gasped Miss Allyn, as he met them at the door.

"Marion is not here," the doctor said, huskily, "and there is not a word to any one of us from her!"

CHAPTER X.

TO THE RESCUE.

Ten minutes later the little group of anxious ones was still in the hotel parlor, talking [illegible] was a terrible mystery—the disappearance of Marion in that extraordinary manner.

"Here's a bit of news for you," said the night clerk of the hotel, as he came in with a telegram.

Dr. Brookes tore it open, and read it aloud.

"Have reason to think Miss Marlowe and Mrs. Canton left camp together."

The telegram was signed by the colonel of the garrison.

"Then she is safe!" cried Miss Allyn, clapping her hands together, "but it is strange she did not come right here. It is not like our Marion to keep us guessing."

Before any one could reply an anxious expression overspread her features.

"I understand it!" she exclaimed, sharply. "Marion was injured, and the Cantons found her and hurried her to the city. Now, why should they do that when there is a hospital at the barracks and no end of physicians and surgeons there who could have attended her?"

"I don't know why they did it, but I will go and see," said Dr. Brookes, sternly. "I'll get Canton's address from the directory, and then call a cab. You go to your rooms, and I'll report the minute I find her."

He started for the office, but met the night clerk in the doorway.

"Where does Artemas V. Canton live?" he asked, abruptly.

There was not a gleam of mirth upon the clerk's honest features, but his answer made even Miss Allyn gasp with surprise.

"He has three homes. Which do you mean?" he asked, with perfect innocence.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" murmured Miss Ellis, in a shocked voice.

"Give me the legal one, if he has one," said Dr. Brookes.

"The one where you are most apt to find him," said Miss Allyn, recovering her voice.

The clerk bowed politely as he mentioned the address.

"That is his first wife's home," he said, by way of explanation.

"The heathen!" muttered Miss Ellis again, but the doctor had started. Half way to the door he suddenly turned and came back to the office to get the two other addresses.

"Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch!"

snapped Miss Ellis, as the four ladies of the company all entered Miss Allyn's room.

"Imagine a man having three addresses in one town and these unprincipled natives don't think a thing about it!"

"Custom makes law," answered Miss Allyn, solemnly. "It's my opinion there is need of something besides legislation in Utah. They want a brand-new lot of self-respecting women!"

"Oh, but they are getting them fast," spoke up Mrs. Burnside. "We must not judge the many by the few. It has been our lot to meet only the wrong ones."

"Right you are, my dear," was the weary reply. Then Alma Allyn astonished her friends by doing something unusual: She sat down in an easy-chair and burst out crying.

When Dr. Brookes came back she had recovered her calmness, but the young physician's report did not decrease her anxiety in Marion's direction.

"Every one of the three houses is in darkness," he said, angrily. "I kicked and pounded, after breaking the bell wires, but not so much as an echo responded."

"Then what did you do?" asked Miss Allyn, eagerly.

Bert had entered with him, so he answered her question:

"Reported Marion's disappearance at police headquarters. Now both the police force and the soldiers are looking for her."

"Then she will soon be found, without doubt," said Mrs. Burnside, stoutly; "but come, girls, we must have some coffee. It is almost daylight."

She opened the blind as she spoke, and let the first pale rays of light enter the room; then, as the gentlemen filed out, she rang the bell for the waiter.

Two hours later they had not even thought of retiring. It was broad daylight now, but no one admitted weariness.

A moment later another bit of news was received.

"The sentry has sworn that he knows the coachman," said Mr. Temple at the door, "and he swears that Mrs. Canton was in the first carriage."

"Then they will find her before noon! I am sure of it!" cried Miss Ellis.

"It is very strange neither Mr. Canton or his wife can be found in the city," said Dr. Brookes, as he joined his manager. "I have been searching for them everywhere and only succeeded in finding the other two wives, one of whom is entirely innocent, and the other is non-committal."

"Hurrah! They've caught the sergeant!" called Bert, as he came down the hall. "Please let me in a minute, girls; that is, if it is agreeable."

Miss Ellis let him in, and the doctor and Mr. Temple went on. They were still talking seriously when a boy rapped on the door and handed in a copy of an extra edition of the morning paper. In an instant Miss Allyn gave a cry of dismay.

"They have caught both the sergeant and the soldier who was in the guard-house, but there isn't so much as a trace of the Indians!"

They stared at each other for a minute, and then she threw down the paper.

"I can't sit here any longer! I must do something! Look at that crowd in the street! There must be something going on at the Temple!"

She rose as she spoke and glanced out of the window.

"I presume it is a wedding, or a funeral, or something. I have a mind to go, just to kill time!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnside.

"I'll go with you!" exclaimed both Ida Inez and Miss Ellis, and, a moment later, they left the room together.

"Oh, Bert! I have just thought of something!" said Alma, suddenly. "I have thought of a place where I may find Marion. It doesn't seem exactly possible that she would go there, though, but, just for once, I am going to let my instincts guide me! Do hurry and get the doctor, and come along! I'll tell you where I am going just as soon as we are all together!"

Bert turned immediately and left the room, while Miss Allyn stood still, knitting her brows together.

"It's a crazy notion, but I'll try it!" she whispered to herself. "It is the only place in Salt Lake City where neither the police

nor the soldiers will dream of looking, for its mysterious threshold is never passed except by Mormons.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

Nearly twelve hours had passed since the explosion at the barracks, and Marion's fate was as much a mystery as ever.

After that blinding flash of flame and smoke the young girl knew no more until she came to her senses in a tightly closed carriage.

There was just a moment of dazed surprise as she discovered where she was, and then the brave girl realized exactly what had happened. There were a few stinging burns upon her hands, where she had raised them to her face at that dreadful moment, and the beautiful chestnut hair was badly singed, but otherwise she was unharmed, in spite of her nearness to the explosion.

Almost instantly she raised herself and looked out of the window. The blaze at the fort glowed brightly, but they were hurrying away from it, and, with an agonized cry, Marion turned to her companion.

"Oh, Mrs. Canton! Is it you? Did you rescue me?" She cried. "It is so good of you to think of my safety, but, pray, let us go back at once to the others! The fire is dreadful! They may be in danger!"

There was no reply. The woman sat staring at her dumbly.

"Quick! Tell him to stop!" she cried again, pointing toward their driver.

"No, no! We must not go back! It is impossible!" said the woman, quickly.

Marion was trying to reach the driver as her companion spoke, and she was amazed to feel a hand laid upon her arm to stop her.

"There are plenty to save them. We must go on," the woman said, sharply. "I was told what to do, and I must do it."

"You mean that you were told to convey me to a place of safety, I suppose?" said Marion, as the carriage turned a corner and only the illumination of the fire could be seen "But I wish to go back for my friends, Mrs. Canton! I shall go distracted if I don't make sure that they are safe; and no doubt they are worrying about me this very minute.'

A peculiar expression crossed the woman's face, and as Marion leaned nearer to her, she stared at her anxiously.

"The soldiers will save them," she muttered again, but her voice was as void of expression as any parrot's could be.

"But I insist upon going back!" cried the young girl, desperately. "If the fire is quickly controlled, it will be just so much harder for my friends; they will have that much longer time to worry about me."

She made another attempt to move toward the driver, and this time her companion did not offer to stop her.

"Turn back at once, please, driver," called the young girl, sharply.

There was no reply, only a word to the horses, and the clumsy vehicle advanced even faster. The driver had no idea of heeding her orders.

Marion turned back in astonishment and found the woman's eyes fixed upon her face. There was a frenzied gleam in her eyeballs, but her gaze was wonderfully calm and steadfast.

"What is the meaning of this, madam? Where are you taking me?" Marion cried, furiously. "Is it possible that there is some treachery behind that fire at the barracks? Am I to be the victim of some fiendish conspiracy?"

She laid her hand on the woman's arm, and even shook it in her excitement, but she was only able to arouse a little spirit in the Mormon woman.

"He told me where to take you—my husband," she said, coldly; "and we Mormon women must obey our husbands. It may madden us, Miss Marlowe, but we must obey, especially when we are tied hand and foot and there is no salvation."

"Great Heaven! Are you all mad?" cried Marion, desperately, as she sank back upon the cushions and stared at the woman "You make the second who has talked to me that way to-day! But I command you to order your driver to stop this minute! If you do not, I shall jump from the carriage without its stopping. Do you hear me, madam! I am determined to go no further!"

She touched the handle of the door as she spoke, and then hesitated for an instant. The carriage turned a sharp corner, and then fairly bounded ahead; before she could open the door it had come to a sudden standstill, and, in the darkness, the young girl's eye caught the outlines of the monstrous tabernacle.

With a determined wrench, she threw open the door.

"Thank Heaven, this building tells me where I am!" she began; then a startled cry rang out in the darkness.

They were inside of the great inclosure which held the Mormon sanctuaries; but, as Marion uttered her cry of fright, two men sprang from the shadows of the sacred edifice and fairly dragged her from the carriage.

Another desperate shriek passed the young girl's white lips, then a hand was placed over her mouth and she was borne on a few steps into the impenetrable darkness that shadowed the inclosure.

A moment later a bandage was drawn tightly over her eyes, then she could feel that they were carrying her into one of the great buildings.

A click of a monstrous key and the creak of a heavy hinge followed; then she was thrust violently forward and the great doors closed upon her.

Marion tore at her bandages and shrieked in terror, but the echo of her voice came back to her so mockingly that, for a moment, her heart almost stopped beating. Then the faint glimmer of light came slowly to her eyes from a distance—so great that at first it seemed interminable. She struggled to her feet and groped about with her hands.

There was a bench of some sort near her, and she dropped upon it with every fibre in her body quivering with horror.

What place was this? Was it the Mormon Temple?

She tried to peer through the darkness toward that faintly glimmering light, but, although she beheld weird outlines of objects all about her, she could see nothing distinctly.

Suddenly it occurred to her that it might be the Endowment House, the "Holy of Holies," that Artemas Canton had promised to show her.

"And now it is my prison," she cried, involuntarily. "I have been trapped by that man. I am to be his victim!"

There was another faint creak of the monstrous door and Marion sprang to her feet, her breath almost leaving her body.

Had he come, Artemas Canton, or was it her friends?

She gave a halting cry, and the next moment Canton stood beside her, and the strange edifice seemed to suddenly grow a trifle lighter.

"Marion, my beloved one!" began a mellow voice in her ear; "I have come to love you, my angel—to adore, to worship you! to tell you that you are one of the chosen ones, and that the great Mormon Church is waiting to receive you!"

There was a gasp of horror as Marion drew away.

"How dare you—hypocrite! liar!" she cried out furiously. "How dare you defile the sanctuary of your faith! You are infamous, sir, and I demand that you release me! Open that door at once and give me my liberty!"

She drew herself up in the gloom of the awful building, and her voice vibrated with fury at the words he had uttered.

"Shame on you for your treachery—your baseness!" she went on, sharply. "I knew that there were men in the world who ignored honor and law; but to trample them under your feet in the very sanctuary! Oh, it is horrible, Mr. Canton! It is utterly horrible!"

"But you don't understand," murmured the treacherous voice, as she paused for breath. "Is it wrong to love, my dear little Marion? Is it wicked to adore or to worship, my beauty? Oh, no! it is not wrong, it is man's holy nature! Let me teach you to love—to love me, Marion!"

He drew nearer as he spoke, and his finger tips touched her shoulder, but the young girl recoiled with a cry of horror.

"Never! Love you? Never! never! Mr. Canton! You are contemptible in my eyes! I loathe you, you traitor!"

She had moved backward as she spoke until now the heavy wall was behind her, and, as she crouched against it, the man came nearer and nearer.

Marion clenched her hands and held her breath in horror. Would he dare to lay violent hands upon her!

"I will have you, Marion," hissed the treacherous voice again. "You are as beautiful as a dream, and I love you—do you hear me? I have brought you here for love and you shall not escape me!"

Once more the cold finger tips were laid upon her arm, and the young girl could feel the man's hot breath as he leaned toward her in the darkness.

"Back! Stand back! Don't you dare to touch me, Artemas Canton!" she shrieked, shrilly. "Your touch defiles me! You are a venomous serpent! Stand back, or——"

There was a sudden movement and a strong arm encircled her. The man's breath scorched her cheeks, and she was drawn violently to his bosom.

Exerting all her strength, Marion drew herself away; then suddenly something bright gleamed before her eyes. It was a sharp, shining blade in the hands of an Indian.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAGEDY.

With a fearful groan Artemas Canton sank to the floor, and at that very instant the great door creaked again and a glimmer of daylight entered the building.

Marion uttered a cry of delight when she saw the gleam of muskets. The next minute she heard Alma Allyn's voice calling to her excitedly from behind the squad of soldiers.

A half hour later she was safe in her room at the hotel, with every member of the company but Dr. Brookes seated beside her.

"Oh, that dear old Indian! I could almost hug him!" cried Miss Ellis, as Marion told her story. "To think that he should have been watching you when the explosion occurred! Why, Colonel Hayes says he followed Mrs Canton's carriage; so he must have crept into the Endowment House when you were carried in. Thank Heaven, he protected you from that infamous scoundrel!"

"He killed him instantly! Oh, it is horrible!" murmured Mrs. Burnside. "Of course, he deserved it, but it was a frightful end, and to think that the people of Utah respected him!"

"They did not know he was so bad. He was a trickster, and he deceived them!" said Miss Allyn, quickly. "Why, one of his wives told the police this morning that she heard him plotting against Marion, and that, in spite of her fear of him, she came to the hotel and warned her. She must have been the woman that you thought was crazy, Marion!"

The young girl shuddered. It did not seem possible. Since that dreadful scene in the Endowment House she had hardly stopped trembling.

"That is what I call an inspiration!" said Bert, looking at Miss Allyn. "The idea of your starting us off in the right direction to meet the soldiers, when they were on their way to rescue Marion! Why, I could hardly believe it when they said they knew where she was! It seems they found the coachman and made him tell, and they have caught the other elder that helped lug her in! He is another tricky old sinner, and his name is Mason."

"Here comes the doctor at last! Now we will hear all the news!" exclaimed Miss Ellis, as the "leading-man" entered.

Dr. Brookes went directly to Marion and took her hand.

"It is the most frightful tragedy that has ever taken place in Salt Lake City," he said, soberly, "and it seems that the whole trouble was started by Jackets telling Mr. Canton that you were very rich. Still, I can't understand how they dared do such a thing before they had investigated his story."

"I can explain that, I think," broke in Bert, excitedly. "Some one started the rumor that one member of the company was the adopted child of a millionaire, and, somehow or other, they got Marion and me tangled. That is why they took so much stock in the yarn Jackets told them!"

"Then no doubt Canton thought, because you were only a young girl and an actress, that you had no one to protect you," said Dr. Brookes; "so he laid that plot to get both you and your money. It is not the first scheme of the kind that he has entered into. Why, the chief of police tells me there have been suspicions against him for some time. Two young girls whom he has seemed fascinated with have been brought to shame and sorrow. Thank Heaven, in his mad passion he has at last brought about his own undoing!"

"What have they done to the Indian?" asked Miss Allyn, after a minute's silence.

"Sent him back to the guard house, where he will be treated kindly. As soon as his mate is found they will be returned to the reservation."

"And how about the sergeant? The fellow who set fire to the barracks?" asked Bert.

Dr. Brookes grew even more solemn as he answered the question.

"There is talk of shooting him at sunrise to-morrow morning," he said, sadly; "but, of course, it may be only a rumor born of the excitement in the city."

"Well, I am glad this is our last night in Salt Lake City," exclaimed Miss Ellis. "But oh, how I would like to go and thank that Indian! I think it was just too sweet of him to follow Marion; but then, I've heard a great deal about an Indian's gratitude."

"Yes, he did a clever piece of work to follow that carriage. He says he hung on behind a part of the way, and then took advantage of the darkness in the inclosure to sneak in behind those two ruffians when they carried Marion into the Endowment House," explained Mr. Temple.

A moment later he turned to Marion, anxiously:

"Shall you be able to go on to-night, or shall we close the theatre and start for Denver?" he asked.

"Oh, let's play out our engagement, by all means!" was the eager answer. "I shall be able to conquer my nervousness by to-night; but do please, somebody, tell me what has been done with Mrs. Canton—I mean the one who acted as her husband's accomplice?"

There was no reply to the anxious question, and Marion's wide eyes flew open with a look of horror.

"Did the Indian kill her, too? Oh, do answer, somebody! She was wicked, I know, but not so wicked as her husband. Really, I am not so sure that she isn't crazy!"

She glanced around again at the solemn faces, but her friends all saw that she expected an answer.

Every one looked at Dr. Brookes, but he still hesitated before replying. It was the one bit of information he had tried to keep from her.

"The poor creature killed herself," he said, finally. "She seemed to go mad at the instant she learned of her husband's death. As I said at first, it is the city's worst tragedy."

"I think we had better close the theatre, after all, Mr. Temple," said Marion, quietly. "Really, it would seem a mockery to give a performance to-night. Suppose we go over to Camp Douglas and say good-by to those brave soldiers and then take the very first train for Denver?"

"A splendid idea!" said Dr. Brookes, promptly. "The soldiers intended coming to the theatre to-night, but, as Marion says, it would be a mockery to open a place of amusement while every person in town is quivering with horror."

"Then I will close the box office at once and post my notices," said Mr. Temple, quickly. "It will not be a great loss, for the advance sales are not heavy, and I doubt very much whether we could fill the house this evening."

He left the room as he spoke, and Marion and the doctor glanced at each other.

"Poor Temple! He regrets sincerely having introduced you to Canton," he said, softly; "and, as for Jackets, the boy is heartbroken. I really think that this experience will break him of fibbing."

There was a moment's silence, and then the others left the room, and Marion and the doctor were alone together.

"I shall never, never forget that explosion," murmured the fair girl, softly. "It came so suddenly and at such a moment! Oh, why is it that I have such frightful experiences?"

Dr. Brookes took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"And I shall never forget those few brief moments just before the explosion, Marion," he said, softly. "I was nearer Heaven then than I ever was before. Do you know what made me so happy, dear one! It was because I thought for a minute that you loved me, Marion."

The young girl's head drooped, and her cheeks grew crimson.

"How you must have worried about me," she managed to say, finally.

Dr. Brookes bit his lips, which were white in an instant, as the thought of his agony thrilled once more through every fibre of his being.

"It was awful," he whispered, as he pressed her fingers again. "But, thank God, dearest, you are safe!"

There was a footstep at the door, and Bert's voice called out lustily; so there was only time for another brief caress upon the taper fingers.

"All ready for the drive! Come on, Marion!" shouted Bert, and ten minutes later the party had started.

The soldiers at the fort gave three rousing cheers when they saw Marion, and the whole company was permitted to thank the Indian personally.

When they finally left Salt Lake City, Dr. Brookes and Marion stood together on the rear platform of the observation car and their eyes turned instinctively toward the big dome of the tabernacle.

"A beautiful state and a beautiful city," said the young girl, softly. "Oh, how sad to think that they have been cursed by such a faith! Will we ever be able to entirely eradicate polygamy from Utah!"

Dr. Brookes turned his gaze upon her sweet young face as he answered:

"If all the world could see what we have seen in our short stay in this city, I think our lawmakers would be able to have their way. Why, the three wives of Artemas Canton

were enough for me. They convinced me thoroughly of the horrors of polygamy! It is an institution that means more than death to women!"

"One love, and that a true and loyal one, is the portion of all," sighed the young girl, dreamily. "When such a state of things as we have just seen exists, it is a positive sacrilege."

[THE END.]

Next week's MY QUEEN (No. 26) will tell of a thrilling episode in Marion's career at the summit of one of the Rockies. The story will be entitled, "Marion Marlowe in Denver; or, The Tragedy of Pike's Peak."

PATTERN COLUMN.

By special arrangements with the manufacturers we are enabled to supply the readers of MY QUEEN with the patterns of all garments described or illustrated in this column at TEN CENTS each. Address, "Pattern Column," MY QUEEN, 238 William Street, New York City.

☞ *In ordering patterns be sure to give size and number.*

FASHION NOTES.

Bustles are not worn any longer.

Avoid figures in cotton shirt-waists.

Hats will be worn small and flat this spring.

Fancy buttons in clusters of three are being much worn on waists.

A sleeve always wrinkles when it is cut the wrong grain of the goods.

The craze over gilt trimmings continues, and they will be much seen this season.

Rosettes made of black velvet ribbon are worn as collar and belt fastenings and as revers.

Cotton shirt waists are in style. They come in stripes, plain linen, piques, madras, percales; also, in lawn and dimity.

If a skirt hangs in waves it is because the lining is too tight. The only way to remedy it is to rip out the lining and apply it looser.

Be careful about wearing the curious, large-at-the-end sleeves. Only long and slender arms look well in them, and they threaten to die out soon.

The fashionable colors this season for suits will be brown and gray. Blue, of course, always looks well. Cream or pink should be used in trimming a blue suit.

Striped materials for skirts are going to be much worn this spring, especially in black and white. The stripes are about three-quarters of an inch broad and should merge into each other at the waist.

A pretty little neck ornament is made of soft satin ribbon, worn around the collar with the ends closed in front and caught with a fancy pin. The same material can be used for a belt. In that case, have long tasseled ends on them.

The most popular color for shirt-waists this year will be white. Next comes light blue, then pink, lavender, red, light green, tan and dark blue.

Black and white striped shirt-waists are also among the stylish ones.

Shall older girls and young ladies wear their walking skirts long or short this spring? Don't let this question vex you. Wear a skirt that just escapes the ground and you will be in style. If out on a picnic, or other outing, wear a shorter skirt.

No. 2449—CHILD'S DRESS.

Nainsook and allover tucking and insertion are shown in the illustration. China silk is also very much used for children's dresses. Small bishop sleeves are finished with bands and frills. A frock in this style can be made in cashmere, flannel, albatross, lawn, chambray and other cotton fabrics.

The pattern is cut in sizes 1-2 to 6 years. Size 4 years requires 4 yards of 21-inch, 2 5-8 yards of 32-inch, or 2 yards of 42-inch material, with 3-4 yard extra for ruffle, and 8 yards of insertion.

No. 2348—LADY'S SIX-GORED SKIRT.

This shows a new six-gored skirt widened from the knee down on each of the seams, which produces the much-admired ripple at the foot. The skirt is cut with about three inches dip at the back and the pattern is perforated to cut in round length if preferred. The skirt may be decorated with machine stitching, as illustrated, or with any preferred trimming. The model is adapted to cheviot, whipcord, cloth, camel's hair and poplin. The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires four yards of 42-inch material.

No. 2326—LADY'S WAIST.

Old rose barege is here combined with tucked white silk for the yoke and pearl passementerie. A black velvet ribbon bow with sash ends and a black belt add to the brilliance of contrast. The design is suitable for veilings, silk, satin, poplinette, or, in fact, any light weight dress fabrics. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to [illegible] inches waist measure. The medium size requires two yards of [illegible] inch material.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BY GRACE SHIRLEY

NOTE.—This department is a special feature of this publication, and it will be appreciated, we feel sure, by all our readers. It is conducted by Miss Shirley, whose remarkable ability to answer all questions, no matter how delicate the import, is well known. Readers of "MY QUEEN" need not hesitate to write her on any subject. Miss Shirley will have their interests at heart and will never refuse her assistance or sympathy. As all letters are answered only through the columns of "MY QUEEN," it is unnecessary to enclose stamps.

So many letters are being received by Miss Shirley requiring answers in this department that we shall have to ask our correspondents to limit their letters to 200 words, in order that all may be answered. STREET & SMITH.

"I am a boy yet, being only fifteen years old, and among my friends we have a good many parties I took one of my girl friends home from church the other night, and my folks told me it was not right and that I could not do it any more. They allow me to take a girl home from a party, and I do not see any difference between the two. What do you think of it? F. C. R."

We advise you to ask your parents their reason for making the distinction between escorting your friends from church and from a party. It is possible that there is a reason which is not apparent to you or to us. We do not think that following your parents' wishes will cause you to lose many of your friends, and your parents' advice should be taken until you are a few years older, at least.

"I am a young man twenty-one years of age, and am deeply in love, and would get married, but do not know whether I ought to do so on my present salary. I am getting $35 per month, but live at home, and it costs me nothing. My mother is an invalid, and we pay a woman $8 per week to take care of her, but if I get married my wife could do this work and save this expense.

"R. J. L."

We think that your suggestion is one of the meanest that we ever heard. You are unable to support a wife, yet you propose to ask this girl to marry you and do the work of a nurse in order that your family may save the amount of the nurse's wages. If this girl does the work, why is she not entitled to the money?

"I am sixteen years old and am five feet six inches in height. I want to know if you think I am too young to put my hair up and wear long dresses on my seventeenth birthday, which comes in March. My brother doesn't like to take me around with short dresses on; he says I am too young to go with him. I like 'My Queen' very much, only I think Marion is very foolish to go to a beggar's home. It is all right to give them five or ten cents, but I would draw the line at going to their homes. I hope she will have better sense after this. I think Marion ought to get married. Bert is the one for her, she seems to like him better than Mr. Ray or Dr. Brookes, and then she would not have so many exciting adventures. FRANCES E."

You are about the age when most girls' dresses grow longer and their hair shorter. Why not tell your desires to your mother and explain to her why you are anxious to become a "grown-up" girl?

You have misunderstood Marion's motive in going to the beggar's home. Her one desire was to be helpful, and helpfulness does not consist in giving away five and ten cent pieces. Marion has not shown any desire to marry yet, but she may fall in love with one of the three men you mention. Who knows?

"I am a young man twenty-eight years old and have been keeping company with a young lady for the last four and one-half years, but have never said anything to her about marriage. Although I think a great deal of the young lady, I have come to the conclusion that I can enjoy life better single—or at least for a while yet. Would it be right for me to break up with her? Some of my friends say it would not, as I have taken up so much of her time when she had other chances. THOS. A. B."

If your own enjoyment is the chief aim of your life, we advise you not to marry as long as you continue to consider that you prefer single life. We doubt whether the young lady would thank you if she knew that you proposed to her simply from a sense of duty. You would probably be doing her a kindness to cease "keeping company" with her, for you are too selfish to make a desirable husband. No man entertaining your sentiments should monopolize a young woman in the way you have.

"I am a girl of sixteen and come to you for advice, although you might think I could judge for myself. I have a very nice brother of seventeen who always liked to go to parties and sometimes went to three or four in a week. A year ago I refused every invitation he gave me to go with him telling him for an excuse that I had too much to study and did not feel like going. I recently made the acquaintance of some boys at

school who gave me invitations which I accepted. They take me to parties, etc., at which my brother gets awfully angry. He thinks I will soon make engagements with boys at night, but that I would never do unless my parents permitted it, and I do not want anybody to give me the name of 'flirt' which he calls me.

MAY-BELLE H. M."

You seem to be suffering from a slight attack of too much "big brother." Brothers are not usually apt to be very complimentary in their criticisms, but we advise you to consider whether there may not be some truth in what he says. We do not believe that any girl of your age can go out much to parties, etc., without its interfering seriously with her studies. Ask your parents about your manners and take their advice.

"I am a married woman, thirty-two years old. Have been married six years and have one little girl living. My husband drinks very hard and has lately turned to gambling. He frequently abuses me when under the influence of liquor, and spends almost all his time away from home. He has now been gone four weeks, and I do not know where he is I have lost every atom of love and respect for him, he has abused me so. Shall I seek him and try to make a reconciliation or shall I let him go his way? MRS. M. M. C."

We would not advise you to seek a reconciliation with this man. He should be made to support you and your child. You will probably be a great deal happier if you decide to be entirely independent of him.

"I am keeping company with a young lady and have asked her to be my wife. She has given her consent, but I am at a loss to express my feelings when I ask her mother for her hand. I am well able to take care of her and give her a good home Hope you can advise me.

"L. C. B."

If you are a young man of good character and in every way desirable, we do not think you need to be over particular in the way you approach her mother. Just tell your story simply and straightforwardly without any attempt at oratory, and we have no doubt that she will listen with all due politeness. We wish you good luck and shall be pleased to hear that all is well.

"It is rather a foolish question I am going to ask, but it bothers me a great deal. I have been going to theatres quite often and cannot possibly keep away from them. I have a great longing for the stage, or perhaps you would call me 'stage struck.' I am fifteen years of age. Please tell me what to do in the next issue of 'My Queen.'

"ELSIE H."

Life on the stage looks very attractive to young girls like you who have no idea of the hard work, study, self-denial and years of toil necessary to rise to even a mediocre position as an actress. Try not to think about the stage as a life pursuit. No girl should contemplate it seriously, unless she has natural dramatic talent, a good education and boundless health. At your age you cannot possibly have finished your education, and we advise you to stick to your books for a few years before you make a choice of a profession.

"I am a young lady of nineteen and have kept company with a young man, but my mother objected to him, for she thought I was too young to get married. I did not think of such a thing for a long time yet, but I gave the young man up and told him to wait a year or two. He seemed to think it all right, and said he was going away for about two years and would always write to me if I would answer him. Please let me know if I have acted right in taking my parent's advice.

"MAY V. D."

We think that you acted perfectly right and that the young man shows his good sense. If you continue to correspond with him for two years and find that your mutual love endures the test of separation you can marry with entire confidence in each other, and your union will, no doubt, be all the sweeter because of its postponement.

"I think your Advisory Board is just what a foolish girl like I am needs. I am nearly nineteen years of age, and am very pretty. I am not conceited, but I simply can't help knowing it. There is a gentleman, seven years older than I. I was laughing and talking to him one night when he said something very rude. I turned and bade him 'good-evening,' and went home. After a few days he wrote me a letter and told me he was very sorry and said he loved me from the first time he saw me. He came in one evening with a gentleman and I am afraid I love him, but when I think of what he said I cannot help crying Do you think he is a man I could trust? He says any man will often say rude things to a lady to test her. Must I try to forgive or forget him?

"MILDRED K."

No gentleman will ever say rude things to a lady. No man in love will ever insult the woman for whom he cares We do not believe that this man loves you, and we do not think he is worthy of your trust. We would advise you to discontinue this man's acquaintance at once.

"My sister has been taking 'My Queen' from the first issue, and one day at home, when I was looking for something to read, I happened to pick up one of them and read it (No. 4, I think it was), and finding it so interesting I searched for the other numbers and read them, too, and I must say it is one of the most interesting and instructive magazines I have ever read. I have read every number since up to date, and look for it now just as eagerly as my sister. I am going to see a young lady that I think a great deal of, and I think she does the same of me, but, for some unaccountable reason, my mother and sister have taken a dislike to her. She and my sister used to be great friends. Now, Miss Shirley, I love the girl and she loves me. I will be twenty-one next July. Shall I give her up to please my mother and sister, or shall I still go with her and in the near future marry her, as I expect?

"CHARLEY L."

We would advise you, first of all, to learn from your mother and sister the cause of their dislike.

It is possible that there is something objectionable about the young lady which you do not know. If the girl is respectable, and you love her and she you, and you are in a position to provide her with a comfortable home of her own, there is no reason why you should not marry her.

"I have been married three years, and although my husband earns good wages he will not give me any clothes. I have to ask my mother for all of them. Please tell me what you think. Even he admits that I have not failed in my duty to him. I read 'My Queen' every week and I think that if the girls would take some of the lessons taught in these stories to heart, they would be much happier. VERE S."

Your matrimonial experience has certainly been a sad one, and we are deeply sorry for you. Your husband should be made to supply you with clothes. Why do you not warn him that if he does not fulfill his duty in this respect, you will take legal means to compel him to do so? Few men, no matter how mean they are, like to face the prospect of being brought up in a police court for non-support.

"I am just seventeen and I think a great deal of a young man who is away at college at present. He is about twenty years old. I have known him for the past four years, but never gave him a thought until about a year ago, when he showed by his actions that he cared for me. Please advise me what to do: Whether to stop thinking of him or to try and gain his love. I think I could learn to love him, but I want to be sure. CLARA B. C."

Do not try to learn to love any man. When the one you really love comes along, you will care for him without learning. Do not be in haste to fall in love—it will come soon enough. We would advise you to endeavor to cease thinking of this young man in an affectionate way, at least, until he has his college course completed.

"I went with a young man for two years, and last summer I went to a whist party with him. That night he did something which provoked me, and I did something which provoked him in return. He went home with another girl. We have met but once since. I like him very much, and I think he does me, but I cannot be sure. We are both light-complexioned, does that make any difference? Please advise me what to do. "BLANCHE R. H."

About the only way for you to make up for this quarrel, which you now seem to think was foolish, would be for you to ask the young man to call upon you the next time you meet him. You cannot very well do more than this without seeming too forward. We do not think that a similarity of complexions needs to be considered seriously.

"There is one certain girl I love, and she seems to pay attention to me, too, but we have not been introduced yet. I asked a boy to give me an introduction and he was going to do so, but I backed out. Would it be right for me to ask whether I could see her home at the same time I am introduced? MIKE M."

Why did you "back out" when you had the opportunity you desired? "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady." We see no reason why you may not ask permission to escort the lady to her home when you are introduced to her. She may not wish to accept your escort at so early a stage of your acquaintance, however, and you must not feel discouraged if she refuses it.

"I am in love with a young man who has a twin brother and they look just alike and dress just alike. When they are sitting down neither I nor any one else can tell Hebbart from Herman. The only way I can tell Hebbart is because he walks a little lame. He asked me to be his wife, and I dearly love him. What is your advice? "LENA L."

It would be very embarrassing to be unable to tell to whom you were married. Suppose you should get them mixed up sometime! Are you perfectly sure which one you are in love with? We would advise you to cultivate their acquaintance until you are able to tell them apart at all times before you decide to marry one of them.

"I am a young woman of twenty-five years and have been married almost five years. I do not live with my husband, for when we were married he had another wife. A year after our marriage his first wife came to him, and he went away with her, leaving me with a little girl two months old. Now a young man has asked me to marry him, and I like him well enough, but cannot marry because I have no divorce from my husband. Do you think I ought to marry him or not? MRS. B. L."

You would have little trouble in having your marriage declared legally void. Consult a reliable attorney and have him see that all the formalities are complied with. Explain the case to your lover frankly and he will understand why you cannot honorably marry him immediately. If he loves you, he will be willing to wait until you are free.

"I am a widower, thirty-eight years old, and have four children, my wife being dead four and a half years. I have been keeping company with a lady of twenty-one years and love her as I love my own life, but it seems that I can't win her affection. My little ones seem to love her as they did their mother. Is it becoming in me to try to win her love or not? J. C. W."

There is nothing dishonorable in a man alone trying to gain a woman's affection, but we doubt whether any man has a right to ask a woman to assume his burdens. Do you think it is fair to this young girl to ask her to assume the care of your four children? She is entitled to a man's whole love, to a free and happy wifehood. Can you offer her this?

"I am a young girl, sixteen years old, and am very attractive. I am desperately in love with a young man who when in my company seems to

care for me, but I hear that when in other young women's company he passes remarks about me. When with me he stoutly denies it. Please give me your advice about this matter. DAISY D."

If the remarks which the young man makes about you are undesirable, we would advise you to discontinue his acquaintance at once. We do not understand how any self-respecting girl could continue to have any affection for a man who deceives her or who she knows only "pretends" to care for her. Wait a few years longer, Daisy, before you think of falling in love and then you will be better able to judge of men's sincerity.

"I have been married five years and have two children. I am in trouble and write to you for advice how I can win my husband's love again. I do not think he is jealous of me, for I do not have any one come and see me. I would like to have my old boy and girl chums come and see me, but do not dare ask them. My husband does not stay at home in the evening, and he does not want me to go out. If my darling husband would stay at home in the evening I would not care if no one ever came to see me. I am only twenty-five years old. MRS. FLORENCE H. L."

We would advise you to tell your husband plainly that if you do not have the benefit of his society, you will, at least, have the comfort of that of your friends. If his other friends are more congenial to him than his own home, make it your business to find some place where you can visit for a few days at a time, so that he may miss you. This will probably accomplish the result you desire. We do not advise a married woman to receive single men socially. You would do better to cultivate the acquaintance of young married couples.

"I have been keeping company with a young man almost a year. I was very jealous of him and wrote him a severe letter, perhaps too severe. He shows in every way that he cares for me. Would you send him your photograph as a token you have ceased to be angry? Do you think I am very foolish? There was no understanding between us. MILLICENT M. G."

We would judge from your letter that you consider you were at fault. If so, the only womanly course for you to pursue is to signify it. You might tell the young man so, plainly and frankly, and if he cares for you the matter will drop there, or you might ask him to call. Your express desire to see him would, perhaps, convey the fact that you had repented of your hasty action more distinctly than by simply sending your photograph.

I have known a young man for four years, and we have been keeping company for about two years. He is all that a girl could wish a man to be, and I care more for him than any one else I know, but do you think he cares for me in the same way? Sometimes he stays away, and I think he goes with other girls. He seems to feel badly when I tell him I do not care to keep his company any longer. I am thinking of going away and not telling him anything about it, for I don't believe he cares. E. D. O."

We cannot see from your letter any reason why you should doubt the young man's sincerity. Suppose he does see other girls sometimes! That is no proof that he does not prefer you to them. If you were engaged to him, you would have a claim on his attentions, but, as it is, you have no right to a monopoly. We would advise you to wait a while before you do anything rash. Possibly you are a little unkind to him sometimes, and this causes him to seek other society.

"I am dearly in love with a young fellow who is about seventeen years old. I am fourteen, but I am very large for my age, and wear long dresses. I am so in love with him that there has not been one night this week that I did not dream of him We do not go together, but my opinion is that he loves me but does not want to let on. Can you advise me? MAUDE H."

We would advise you to spend your time with your books and at school, fitting yourself for a useful womanhood. You are entirely too young to be dreaming of young men or thinking of marriage. If he has not expressed any love for you and only asks after you, as any polite young man would, you are a very silly girl to consider that he loves you. You may think our answer to your letter is somewhat harsh, but when you are a few years older you will thank us for it.

"I am eighteen years old, am rather pretty and dress stylish, but do not seem to take well among the boys; they say I am too quiet and reserved. Must a girl be loud and bold for the boys to like her? I am also in trouble. I am very much in love with a young man and I think he thought a great deal of me until a young lady who professed to be my friend enticed him away from me. It nearly breaks my heart to see them together. Tell me what I can do to regain his affection, or is it worth seeking after when he will listen to what she tells him, instead of what I say? LOUISA J. A."

We believe that the girls who are quiet and reserved will attract a much better class of men than those who are bold. We would not advise you to try to regain this young man's affection. The fact that he was easily led away from you and listens to what others say shows that he is either weak-minded and unprincipled or that he did not really care for you.

"I wish to ask your advice about a girl friend of mine. This girl is only thirteen, and keeps up a correspondence with a boy of fourteen. Her mother knows it, but thinks the letters are only friendly ones, whereas, in reality, they are love letters. The one I have seen contain such foolish things as 'your sweet face is before me all the time.' He is studying to be a minister and he would give up if it was not for her

"ANNA H."

If a girl of thirteen can so influence a boy of

fourteen that it keeps him at his studies, we are very glad to hear it. This is exactly the use that "sweet" faces should be put to. No doubt the young girl's mother knows exactly what it will all amount to, and the fact that the letters contain a few "soft nothings" need not distress you. In judging your little friend, try to put yourself in her place. Do you think you would object to getting such letters?

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Every factory worker and mechanic knows what happens when the power is off. Everything stops. The machinery is idle. If a mechanic were taken into a factory and saw the machinery silent and motionless, he'd know at once that the power was off. When you shut off the power from a plant you shut off its activity.

If every factory and mill hand, every mechanic and workman, understood the mechanism of

his body as he understands the machinery of the mill, he would know that when a man is weak and run down, when his activities are slowed down, if not altogether stopped, there is something wrong with the power plant of the body.

The power plant of the body includes the stomach and its associated organs of digestion and nutrition. All physical strength is derived from food digested and converted into nutrition. Nutrition is the power which runs the body. When nutrition fails the body fails. The chemical changes by which food is converted into nutrition take place in the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts. When the stomach is diseased, the nutrition is reduced and the body's power is reduced in proportion.

A DOCTOR'S DICTUM.

An eminent physician in a lecture to medical students, said in substance, "When you are called on by a sick person the first examination must be directed to the stomach." Just as the mechanic knows the power's off when the machinery stops, so the physician when he sees a man weak, tired and helpless, knows the power is off. The food the man eats is not being converted into nutrition. When food is digested, assimilated and converted into nutrition it must strengthen the body. When the body is weak, deficient in vitality and vigor, it must be because it is insufficiently nourished, either from lack of food or because the food eaten is not digested and converted into nutrition. Popularly and generally this condition is described as "weak stomach," or "stomach trouble."

When you have related the weak physical condition to the "weak" stomach and the "run down" condition to the running down of the machinery in the physical power house, the next thing to do is to consider how to turn on the power again, restore the vigor and renew the activity.

The best way to explain how to do this is to show how it has been done.

"It is with heartfelt gratitude that I send this testimonial which I wish you to publish with my name and address," writes Mr. Willis Seaman, of Washingtonville, Orange County, N. Y. "I had stomach trouble from birth, and suffered with it more or less as I grew up. At the age of 26 I was broken down with dyspepsia. My suffering was terrible. Could not eat without distress. Could only eat a few certain things, and was not able to work half the time. Everything I tried only gave me temporary relief. My wife finally persuaded me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' I took six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I then felt so well that I stopped taking medicine. Several months have passed and I can do the hardest kind of work, can eat anything that is set before me and enjoy it. I am 27 years old and this is the first time I have ever been well."

THIS CAN BE RELIED ON.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It increases the supply of pure, rich blood, which is the final form of nutrition. It gives strength for weakness, heartiness for heaviness of heart, and puts the whole physical man on the plane of robust health. From a man only able to work half the time, and then in pain, to a man who can work all the time in comfort, is a transition great enough to warrant the oft repeated statement, "I feel like a new man since using the 'Discovery.'"

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know what to do in case of emergency, accident or sudden illness? Do you know how to aid the sick while waiting for the doctor? You can learn how to do these and a thousand other things from Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The book contains more than a thousand large pages and is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 9 one-cent stamps for the cloth bound volume, or only twenty-one stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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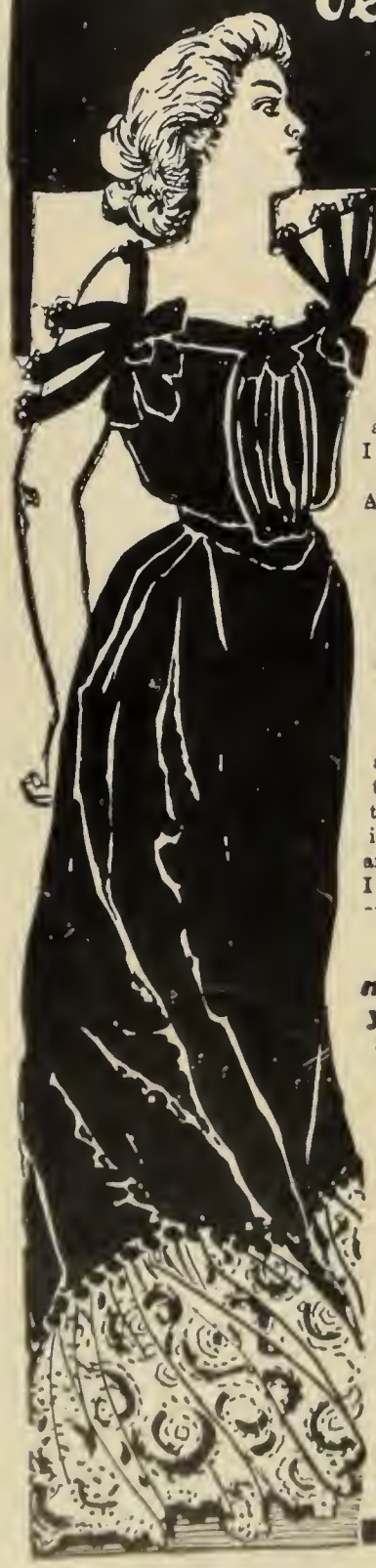

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you and others the good I have derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash, and Liver Pills. When I began their use I thought there was no hope for me. I had had the best doctor in our town and grew worse every day. I gave up the use of his medicine and began using your remedies, and to-day I am in better health than I have been for several years. I feel I owe it all to you, and can say that your medicine cannot be praised too highly. I shall always advise all suffering from female trouble to use your Vegetable Compound. I know it saved me from the grave.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have you to thank for my health and strength. I have taken your medicine for two years. Before I began its use I was so weak that after I had worked an hour in the morning I was obliged to lie down. I had fearful headaches, could not sleep, had palpitation of the heart, was always tired, and suffered in many other ways. Now I am perfectly well and much stronger than I was ten years ago. I am fifty-three years old, and the mother of ten children. I never feel tired since taking your Vegetable Compound."

$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.